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THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

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Poetry.

"THE DAYS OF APRIL."

"The days of April" they are sweet, so sweet,
Flushing with tender green the meadow ways,
When June will dance with her gay, gladsome feet,
To music of a thousand warblers' praise.

"The days of April" they are fair, so fair,
With precious promise in the budding flowers,
Promise of days all radiant fresh and rare,
Mellowed by gentle dews and fleeting showers.

"The days of April" they are green, so green!
And maple buds grow brilliant in the sun,
Golden the brookside with the cowslips' sheen
And fragile wind-flowers steal out one by one.

"The days of April" they are dear, so dear,
To hearts grown weary of the winter cold,
Longing for sunny skies all blue and clear,
For birds to pipe, and blossoms to unfold.

"The days of April" they are bright and coy;
But one glad April years and years ago,
Held more of charmed hope and love and joy
Than all my life again can ever know.
—[Isabel Gordon in Lippincott's.

IN BONDAGE.

Not long ago I lightly swore
To live a bachelor forever.
I'd known a dozen girls or more,
Some sweet and dull, some plain and clever,
But all their wiles and witching charms
I'd met with such serene resistance
That even when with open arms
They stood, I kept a proper distance.

I joined a club and settled down
To blissful dreams and novels stupid.
I smoked until I'd colored brown
A meerschaum sold to me by a cupid.
I thought myself exempt from care
That crosses the domestic table,
When suddenly, quite unaware,
My narrow path was crossed by Mabel.

To be near her, to hear her speak,
And drink the music of her laughter;
To see the smiles slip o'er her cheek,
And watch the dimples chasing after—
But hold! you know as well as I
What anguish such a snare as this is;
I bade the bachelors good-by,
And in the autumn I shall marry.
—[Harper's Weekly.

SPRING.

Crocuses, etcetera, now are
At their old globe-bursting freaks;
Sturdy patrons of the plow are
Tipping up the ground in streaks;
Peepers in the bogs do peep and
Robins toot their vernal lays;
Things are gathered in a heap and
Fired as they have been always.

Now the daffodil reveals its
Head above the mellowed soil,
And unto the boy spring seals its
Visitation with a boil,
Now the snake from a coma stirs and
Starts upon its annual range,
While the wife puts 'way her furs and
Gets a ticket in exchange.

Almost Easter bonnets now are
Prone to burst their vernal shell,
And the canines that bow-wow are
Heard a louder larum to swell;
Now the tramp thinks it behooves him
To adopt the prowling rule,
And the weather prophet proves himself to be the same old fool.

A BOSTON WOOING.

A dainty maid of Beacon street
He loved with honest passion,
And bowing humbly at her feet
He spake in lover fashion:
"Thou art my soul, my star, my light,
Thy grace all else surpasses;"
And like a dew drop gleaming bright
A tear fell on her glasses.

She answered not a single word,
The scene was too affecting,
But he divined that she had heard,
And there was no rejecting.
'Twas as when through the depth of night
A brilliant comet passes,
He saw the tear, a jewel bright,
That glistened on her glasses.
—[Munsey's Monthly.

Miscellany.

HIS EASTER SERMON.

Before him stretched the pleasant road, pleasant through a pleasant landscape. Above, the sky was intensely blue. The odor of the fresh damp earth and of the violets, the humming of the bees, the singing of the birds, the ringing of some far-off church bells, all seemed to dissolve one into the other, making a dreamy, musical lyric, as though it were the beating of nature's heart. The warm perfume of the lilacs touched his face as if with a living breath.

He lay on his back and tilted his hat over his eyes, chewing a blade of grass reflectively. Near the horizon some brilliant white clouds were rising. He remembered how, when a child, some one had told him that clouds were only mist. He laughed a little to think how great had been his disappointment at his newly acquired knowledge, and then he sighed a little.

A small boy, in a broad brimmed straw hat, a blue calico shirt and knee pants came slowly down the road. His hands were in his pockets and he was whistling.

"Hullo," he said, pausing in front of the young man and surveying him with much the same air Columbus might be supposed to have had when he discovered America. He was a very small boy, with a freckled face, a turn-up nose and red, curly hair. But then he had such honest blue eyes and such an expression of merry good humor on his face, that one quite forgot how far from handsome he was.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Smith," was the amused reply. "What's yours?"

"Ted McCarty," answered the boy, sitting down; "but the fellers all call me 'Carrots,' 'cause my hair's red. But they just dars'nt call me that to my face 'cause I can lick 'em."

He held out a sturdy little arm.

"Just feel my muscle," said he.

The young man felt it and laughed.

"You'd make a good prize-fighter," he said.

"Honest Injun!" questioned the boy, delightedly.

"Honest Injun," was the reply.

Carrots looked at the young man gratefully and tried to think of a suitable reward for him.

Then with a sudden flash of inspiration he put his hands into his pockets and drew forth a broken-bladed knife, five marbles, a live beetle in a glass bottle, a penny with a hole in it, a complete set of fishing tackle minus the hook and half of a pop-corn ball, all of which treasures he displayed upon the grass.

"There," said he proudly, "take your pick."

But the young man declined his kind offer.

"How'd you hurt yourself," he asked a moment later, noticing a bandage around the boy's foot.

"Sliver," answered Carrots. "She said it was a judgment," he added.

"Indeed, and who's she?"

"Sister," was the reply.

"Why did she say that?"

"'Cause, I don't want to wash my feet every night. She said he did it to punish me 'cause he don't like dirty boys."

"Who's he?" asked the young man.

"The Lord," answered Carrots solemnly.

"Oh," said the young man. He rolled over in the grass, laughing uproariously.

But Carrots did not even smile. Instead, he said very gravely:

"She's got religion. Have you?"

"No."

Carrots looked at him wonderingly, then he leaned forward.

"Didn't you ever get religion?" he asked, eagerly.

"No."

"And did you hate to wash your feet, and did you ever play 'hookey' from school?"

"Yes."

The admiration in the boy's face grew akin to awe.

"Oh," he said, "when I'm a man, I shall be just like you." His voice dropped confidentially. "I'm playin' hooky from Sunday school this afternoon 'cause I ain't got any Easter offring. I ran away 'fore she saw me. You see, all of us fellers have to bring ten cents to Sunday school so's the heathen can have clothes to wear. She made me learn ten Bible verses, and gave me a penny for each verse, but t'other day I forgot all about the heathen, and matched pennies with Stubby Walters and lost 'em all. I was afraid she'd lick me when she found it out, so I ran away. But I don't believe the heathen want any clothes, do you?" he added, appealingly.

"No," answered the listener, "I'm quite sure they don't."

"When I'm a man," continued the boy, "I'm goin' to be a heathen, and not wear any clothes. I'm goin' barefoot on Sundays, too."

He nodded his head positively.

"See here, Carrots," said the young man, "I'll give you a dime for the heathen." He held out a new silver coin.

Carrots took it and then handed it back with a sigh.

"Won't go," he said. "I've got to earn it. Oh, I know, I'll turn some handsprings for you. Would you like to have me?"

"Delighted to have you," was the reply.

So Carrots after rolling up his sleeves and downing off his hat, stepped away some little distance and turned handsprings until his face was almost as red as his hair.

"Isn't that enough now," called his audience of one at about the sixth round.

"No, I'll do it two times for each penny," he called back. "I want to earn it honest."

"Don't I do it daisy," he asked as he finished and came back red and glowing. "There's only another feller that can turn 'em as good and that's Stubby Walters." He wiped his perspiring little face on his sleeve.

"Great Scott! Carrots, don't do that," cried the young man holding out his handkerchief.

The boy took it and gazed upon it reverently. It was of white silk and delicately perfumed.

"Crickety!" he cried, "guess I'll have to have one just like it when I'm as big as you."

"But you're going to be a heathen and not wear clothes, remarked the young man.

"Well, guess I'll have a handkerchief anyway. Don't you s'pose the heathen have handkerchiefs?"

But the young man did not answer. Instead he was gazing very gravely at the honest little face in front of him.

"Carrots," said he, so earnestly that the boy's expression became puzzled at the change in his voice. "Carrots, suppose that you had a friend who once did a very dishonorable thing, but no one knew it except you, and you had promised never to tell"——

"Why, then, I never would tell," put in the boy eagerly, "not if I was goin' to be scalped by Injuns if I didn't. No, sir, ree! Why, none of us fellers"——

"Wait a moment, Carrots," interposed the young man. "Suppose that a long time after, this boy were to die and every one would accuse you and not him of the wrong act. You would never be put in state's prison nor any thing like that, only all your friends would think you had been dishonest. Then wouldn't you tell?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the humming of the bees and the twittering of two little birds in the lilac bush near by. Then Carrots spoke again anxiously. "Do you mean that the other fellers would all be down on me, an' think I was a liar?"

"Yes," was the reply.

Carrot's blue eyes looked away wistfully across the pleasant landscape at the gay sunshine with the insects dancing in it, at the tangle of green boughs through which the blue sky was shining, at the fragrant sweet-briar and purple lilacs where the two little blue tomtits were flitting.

"An' he would be dead, not just playin' dead, but really dead," he said softly as though to himself, "and he could never play hookey again, nor marbles, nor ball, an' all the other fellers would forget about him, an'"—

The clear boyish voice broke a little, and the blue eyes winked very hard to keep back the tears.

"No," said he at last, "I'd never tell, 'cause he'd be dead and could never fight me back nor lick me for tellin', nor get even with me. An' I think to tell on him when he was dead would be just as mean as hitting a feller when he was down."

A flush that not even the heat of the warm day had brought rose in the young man's face, and it was some time before he spoke.

Then, "Carrots," said he, "this morning some one asked me to go to church to-day because it was Easter Sunday, but I refused, saying I did not want to be preached at nor hear any sermon, but I find I have not escaped a sermon after all. You have answered a question rightly for me, and, my boy, I do not think that I either will hit a fellow when he's down."

There was a little silence, and then the boy rose to his feet.

"Guess I'd better be goin'," he said, "or she'll lick me, sure."

"Good-bye," said the young man, holding out a five-dollar gold piece. "I want you to buy yourself some present with this by which to remember me."

"If you please," said Carrots, "I'd ruther have ten cents."

"All right," answered the young man, handing the boy the wished for coin and shaking hands with him again.

"Good-bye," said Carrots, "you're a mighty jolly feller. I'm goin' to be just like you when I'm a man. You come down again some time an' I'll show you a dandy fishin' place that no one knows about 'cept me and Stubby Walters."

The young man, leaning his head back against the tree, watched the sturdy little figure until it was out of sight. In aking the boy the question that he had, he had stated his own case. An hour ago he had honestly considered it a matter of pure self-justice to clear his name of the charge brought against it. But the boy's answer had caused a flush to the face and stirred his heart with shame. Now amid all the heat and confusion of his thoughts there came over him the memory of his friend's face, calm and pale in the mask of death, as he had last seen it. Old jests, old sayings, things grave and gay, earnest and light-hearted, rushed rapidly back upon his memory. He saw distinctly again his friend's face, beautiful, intellectual, yet with a half-piteous look of frailty and dependence.

"I trusted you," the voice of the dead seemed to say to him. "I was dishonorable, but is that any reason why you should be dishorable? What will you say to me when you, too, shall have come before the tribunal of the grave?"

The hours passed and the sun sunk down and the little birds in the sweet-brier and lilacs began to think of their bed-time, safe under their abode of leaves.

He shuddered as the warm twilight breeze blew against his face. What had become of his honor? Where was his good faith to the dead? To a living man he might have been untrue had he chosen; but to be false to one who could never arraign him, never offend him, never rebuke him!—he seemed to grow a coward and a liar in his own sight.

All better things, all higher truths that he had ever believed in, awoke in his soul, and bade him suffer what he would, lose all he might, but be faithful to his word to one who was no more numbered among the living.

He thought of the woman to whom he was to be married and realized that if he remained true to his friend he could not expect that she would consent to marry him. Yet—

"My love, my love," he murmured, "I cannot be dishonorable even for you! He trusted me——"

For a moment the shining sunset sky and the green earth grew dim to his sight.

Then he took some papers out of his pocket and burned them.

"Ah, well," he said aloud as the blue smoke arose, "that is the incense arising from my Easter offering. So be it then. Amen." He smiled. It is the first Easter I have kept for many a year."

Two hours later he stood before the woman he loved.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that in honor I cannot clear my name of dishonor. You are a proud woman, and I will not be so selfish as to ask you to live under a name with a stain upon it."

Some moments passed unbroken. Taking her silence as acceptance of his words, he turned to go. But she detained him.

"Dear," she said; her eyes were wet with tears, but behind their mists they shone with a strong, steadfast light, and all her love was in the look she gave him. "I am prouder now than I ever was in all my life before, and," with a little smile, although her lips trembled, "I am prouder even than you believe me to be, for I have sufficient pride not to heed what the world says when you are right."

She raised her head and listened as the Easter bells chimed out, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

She put out her hands to him lovingly, her eyes shining like stars, her beautiful face radiant with joy.

"Do you remember," she cried, "how I scolded you this morning for not coming to church with me? But yet you have kept a better Easter than I, though," with a happy laugh, "you did not go to church. Perhaps it was because I said a little prayer for you."

But Carrots did not hear either the lover's talk or the chiming of the Easter bells, for he was fast asleep in bed, and dreaming that he was a cowbell out West, and Stubby Walters an Indian trying to scalp him.

PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

SHE HAD AN EXPLANATION.

The Old Man Howls About Expenses and She Calls Him Down.

"Well," he murmured, faintly, as the dry goods van drove up to the side door, "I—I see you are at it again, Mary."

"There, there," gasped the little woman, a radiant smile upon her alabasterine brow, "but I know you will forgive me just this once, the the things were so cheap."

By and by she was unrolling the dry goods on the floor and counting up one purchase after another and telling him all about it.

"Now," she began, "here is a lovely new dress pattern at only $3.50 a yard."

"Humph," said he, burying his head in his hands.

"And here is some cotton flannel at a bargain, ninety-nine yards."

"Well, I never," said the man, wearily.

"Well, I think it is about time that I had some new duds," responded the woman, "so I just thought I would buy that silk we spoke of long ago, and that lovely new sacque, ah, only $65; and here is a darling new opera hat at $25 and a lot of trimmings and feathers and odd bits and some stuff for the house—you know we needed it ever so long ago."

"Yes, I know," he said, dreamily.

"The total is only, is only——"

"Yes, Mary."

"Oh, well, I never saw the beat," she said, making a feint at sobbing. "Other men's wives would be applauded for economy, but as for me, I am afraid even to mention money to you, you flare up so."

"Such extravagances! My mother never knew of them," he said, firmly.

"But your mother——"

"My mother ran a house and took care of seven children on a few dollars a year," he said, with a fine show of indignation, "and I was the best-dressed boy in the town, too."

"Your mother was a jewel; I wonder what you were. I am sure you didn't have much when I saw you first, you —"

"My mother used to dress me in the best," he snorted. "I wore clean collars, a nice, neat suit of blue, shoes, a high beaver hat, and mittens in the winter and earlaps and all the rest."

"On a few dollars a year?"

"On a few dollars, I say. And here you let the children run about like wild on enough to keep a whole family. What do you mean, anyway?"

She waited a minute.

"James," she said, slowly, "do—do you know what I think?"

"No, and I don't care," he growled, rubbing his ears.

"I think that either your mother worked your father's credit, or else ——"

"Well?"

"Or else you didn't have those earlaps. She never could have covered the broad field with her limited liabilities!"

SQUARED HIS SOUL WITH GOD.

The Record of Black Years Swept Away by One Who Never Forgot.

After the trial, confined in his small stone box in the county jail, in that wild mining town in Colorado, Bill Barton had plenty of time to think.

But, strive as best he might, his thoughts always went around in the same circle, beginning and ending with a single name.

That name—well, never mind it now.

No home, no good influences, no words of cheer or consolation. Such had been the life led in the past by this man. When he was not sitting in the Happy Days' saloon he was over in Si Collier's gambling hell, playing his money across the green.

How he came to drop his man he really never knew. The rude justice of the place and the twelve red-shirted men declared it murder, and he laughed like a madman when they said that he should die on the ninth day by stretching hemp.

And as he sat in that damp, narrow stone box night and day, day and night, with his doom coming nearer and nearer, gradually his spirit of bravado began to break. Somehow, in the long watches of the night, back again came sweeping that name, for he was always thinking of it now, and it was always there.

Then came the last night on earth.

It was a tranquil one for Bill Barton, the murderer of Sandy McBride. Strange to say, he managed to sleep some, and then came a soothing fancy of another time and another place, far gone now, when life had meant so much more to him than these later years had ever known. Into his dreams that last night a sweet tranquility stole that did not seem to be of this world.

And that name—it was always there.

At daylight the sheriff touched his face and bade him rise and meet his death with his boots on, like a man. Bill Barton smiled. The boys gathered around the tree. The parson offered his words. It was very still, and Bill kissed the Book, but said not a word. Then they asked him if he had anything to say before his soul was swung off in the dark.

In his face came a pathos such as lives only once in a lifetime, in his voice the resolution of one who calmly welcomes death.

He turned to the gang.

"Boys," he said, "I thank heaven that an old gray-haired woman shall never know this day's events. I broke her heart long ago and she has passed on ahead. But it does me good now to think that I never yet queered my friends or shook my mother."

They say Bill Barton's death was like that of a child—so peaceful, so free from pain. In it the man who never queered his friends squared up his black years of wrongs.—[N. Y. Recorder.

Not Yet Decided.

A gentleman sent his servant to inquire about a friend who had been ill.

"In case he should be dead find out the date of the funeral," were the girl's parting instructions.

Half an hour later she came back.

"The gentleman is very much better, sir," she said, "and they have not yet decided about the funeral."—[Texas Siftings.

"He Ladies the Wurruld."

Citizen—Patrick, where is your master? He was to have met me here at 9 o'clock and it's now a half hour after that.

Pat—You don't know him, sir.

Citizen—Why, is he apt to be late in his appointments?

Pat—Late, is it? Bedad, in bein' behind hand he lades the wurruld.

"WRITE TO MY MOTHER."

The Pen Raced Fast and True, but Death Swept Swifter Still.

When we arrived at the tenement in Catherine street that night we found him in a miserable bed, in the fifth floor, back, under the roof.

He had been knocked down by a truck in Canal street that afternoon, and the ambulance had borne him to his lodgings—as soon as it appeared—to die.

The detective trimmed the candle, rearranged the clothes on the bed and shook up the feeble fire in the stove.

"You are so kind," he whispered, faintly, "and I know that you will grant my wish?"

"Yes."

"Write—a—letter to"——

Then the strong man sat himself down beside the table, and beneath the sputter of the candle held his sheet of paper and his pen.

"Say," he murmured, "say that"——

Then we waited for a long time.

"Say that I never—for—forgot—them"—

"That you have never forgotten them," and the pen raced on with Death.

He started into the air, and a glassy look grew in his eyes.

"And—that—I—am—coming—home."

"And that you are coming home again. Yes, my boy, yes."

The pen raced on, but swifter still sped Death.

"And—that—my—mother—should—not—weep, but"——

"Yes, yes."

Ah, how the pen sped on, with Death so near at hand!

"And the address—where does your mother live?"

"She lives in"——

We heard the rattle in his throat; we heard the sobbing of the wind outside; we felt that strange glamor, the creeping lack-lustre in his vacant glance, and we knew that another soul had slipped forth in the dark unknown, unwept of men, but numbered with his God.

Next day he was buried in Potter's Field.

The unfinished letter to his mother we placed upon his breast.

BREAKING THE SILENCE.

High-Priced Time and How It Flew Along.

He had sat for ten minutes holding her little white hand in his big strong one, and not a sound had escaped his lips save an occasional smothered sigh to attest the intensity of his emotions. There was no need of speech. In that deep silence there was communion of souls to an extent hitherto unknown even among the theosophists. It was a prima facie case of two souls with but a single thought, etc. He sighed again, more deeply than before, and tightened his grasp on the hand that lay so trustfully in his.

An answering sigh that welled up from the pure depths of that heart which fate had decreed should beat for him, stole forth and freighted the atmosphere of the luxuriant room with the sweet essence of love unspeakable.

She returned the pressure of the hand.

Still neither spoke. The $700 clock ticked on the carved mantel and the high-priced time flew by just as rapidly as it does when the interest on the investment in a Waterbury watch is the only attendant on that flight.

He turned his gaze full upon her and looked down into her eyes as if to read the innermost secrets of her being. Her delicately chiseled lips parted as if she was about to break the silence.

"I war-r-r-r-r-ump-mp—I war-r-r-ump-p-r-r-r-ed all the rest."

Something had saved her the trouble.

"Wha-wha-what wa-wa-was that, Agnes?"

The young man had dropped her hand and seized his hat, and now stood with one hand on the door knob.

It was evident that he feared some hostile demonstration on the part of the adored one's paternal ancestor.

A silvery laugh rippled from the lips of the aforesaid adored one, and, taking his hint, she said:

"Why, that's Bridget shaking down the furnace. You know the local forecaster prophesied warmer weather."—[Detroit Tribune.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Crimps—"Is your business getting on?" Bangs—"It is. You know I recently opened a riding school."—[Yonkers Statesman.

He (at the dinner table to young wife)—"My dear wifey, I begin to think that there are a few misprints in your cookery book."—[La Tribuna.

He—"How chilly it is to-night. I could hug a stove, I feel so cold." She—"Is that so? Why, I'm so warm I feel just like a stove,"—[Texas Siftings.

He—"Darling, will you be my wife?" She—"I have a great regard for you, Harry, but I see no reason at present to change our modus vivendi."—[Boston Transcript.

Senior Partner—"How is our new buyer getting on?" Junior Partner—"First rate. He writes that he has already been introduced to fifteen models."—Cloak Review.

"This is getting to be 'the land of the midnight sun,'" said paterfamilias as Johnnie came in from a neighboring cobwed party at the stroke of 12.—[Lowell Courier.

A Competent Witness.

In one of our courts recently, a 9 year-old boy was placed on the witness-stand, but before he began to testify, the defendants' counsel objected, and would not allow him to give his evidence, asking the court to pass on his intelligence and his idea of the responsibility of an oath.

"Question him on those points," was the judge's reply.

"How old are you?" began the lawyer.

"Nine years old."

"Work or go to school?"

"Do both—sell papers and flowers."

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Tell the truth in this case, sure."

"Now, if you should not state the truth and tell a lie, what would become of you in the next world?"

The boy, after hesitating awhile, answered:

"I don't know what will become of me in this world, let alone the next."

"Proceed, Mr. Attorney," said the judge; "the boy seems to have more than ordinary intelligence."—[Boston Herald.

A Glorious Sufficiency.

Algy—Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?

Angely—Of course papa will be sorry to lose me, darling.

Algy—But I will say to him that, instead of losing a daughter, he will gain a son.

Angely—I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons living at home now, and he's a little bit touchy on that point.—[Tid Bits.

A Good Substitute.

Rev. Mr. Extempore—My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript, and have sent my little boy after it.

His son, mounting the pulpit (in loud voice)—Mamma couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from."—[Tid Bits.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married; has she given it up now?

Mr. Milds—Well-er-yes, that is, in public.—Brooklyn Times.

Alas! Too True!

The Gifted Author—In my new romance the heroine never marries.

The Buds of Several Seasons—Alas! That is not romance—it is realism.—[Life.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for the Blade, and published in no other paper. Copyright 1891.

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;

OR,

An American Daughter of the Gods.

OUR NEW SPECIAL SERIAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOYAL AND TRUE.

Elinor Atherton waited with some anxiety to learn the result of Mark Ainslie's quest in search of his elusive double. But the anxiety was not from any doubt of his love for herself. Of that she had felt certain weeks previous—yes, before Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall's mischievous letter had set her cousin Annette to meddling in what Elinor rightly deemed none of her concern. The story of Olga Apgar had shocked her, but she had not for a moment entertained the belief that Mark had thus heartlessly amused himself at the expense of a mere child. Elinor trusted Mark as a man of honor; and no honorable man could have done such a thing. She was inclined to think the whole thing a hysterical dream of Olga's. The discovery of the fact, through Bernice, that Mark had a living double, cleared up the mystery of that episode, however; and for this Elinor was profoundly thankful, as it removed the stain of suspicion from the minds of their friends.

The day after the events narrated in the last chapter, Elinor received a brief note from Mark, dated at Narragansett Pier, and written the previous afternoon. He detailed briefly his lack of success in finding Fletcher at New York, Smithson's telegram stating that the object of his search was in New York, and closed by the announcement of his return to New York as soon as he could settle a vexatious little matter of business that had called him to the Pier. He did not mention the escapade of Olga, of course, though it was that which detained him.

Elinor kissed his signature as she finished reading the letter. Pleased and happy, she was but little prepared for the abrupt entrance of Annette, who came flying in, an open letter in her hand, crying out:

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie! What do you think?" Then noting that Elinor also had a letter in her hand, she added: "Does your letter bring the same news as mine? Is yours from Mark Ainslie?"

Elinor drew herself up proudly, vexed at the inquisitiveness of her cousin. Then she replied coldly:

"Yes, I have a note from Mr. Ainslie."

"Does he tell you he is married?"

Elinor looked at Mrs. Van in open-eyed wonder.

"Married? Mr. Ainslie married? What do you mean?"

"Why, I have just received a letter from Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall, at Newport, who saw Mr. Ainslie there yesterday with that Olga Apgar—and that she had eloped with him from Narragansett Pier, where the Apgars are staying!"

"Mr. Ainslie's note was written last evening from Narragansett Pier."

"Had he been at Newport?"

"Yes. He was there yesterday, and went over to the Pier in the afternoon."

"Then the story is true, Nellie! Mrs. Saltonstall says they went back after being married!"

Elinor looked indignant. "It is most certainly not true, Annette. The idea is simply absurd!"

"Now, what is the use of looking so high and mighty over it?" responded Mrs. Van. "Here, read Mrs. Saltonstall's letter! That will convince you."

Elinor took the letter. She would read it, the better to refute its statements. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR ANNETTE:—Knowing that you were very much interested in the very peculiar story about Mr. Ainslie and Miss Apgar, I snatch a moment to tell you that another chapter in that extremely mysterious romance has just developed. To-day, while walking, I met Miss Apgar, in company with Mr. Ainslie. I was very much surprised, indeed—first, at seeing Olga, whom I supposed over at the Pier with her mother; and then at seeing her with Mr. Ainslie. But it is the incredible that is always happening. I spoke to Olga, who informed me that they were going to return to the Pier on the next boat. They passed, and I went on home, where I found a telegram from Mrs. Apgar, stating that Olga had eloped—with whom she did not know.

"I immediately replied, stating what I had seen and advising her to come at once. Of course I did not believe Olga's statement that they were returning to the Pier. Mrs. Apgar came up, but no trace could be had of the fugitives. They have undoubtedly gone on a wedding trip somewhere, and probably were married here. Mrs. Apgar was so prostrated by the affair that she was compelled to lie down for a time, and I embrace the opportunity to give you these particulars."

"Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Van, in a questioning tone.

"It was not Mr. Ainslie; probably it is his double again."

Then she remembered that Mark's note mentioned Smithson's telegram, which had placed Fletcher in New York. If that were true, he could not have been with Olga at Newport. Her remark, however, had somewhat daunted Mrs. Van's zeal.

"Why—yes," said she, hesitatingly, "that might be so, indeed! I never thought of that! But how strange that he—Fletcher is his name, isn't it? I always forget—how strange that he should have reinstated himself in Miss Apgar's favor so quickly."

"Would that be any more strange than to suppose that the young lady had reinstated Mr. Ainslie in her favor?" queried Elinor.

"N—no, come to think of it, it would not. But in either case it would be an extremely odd affair. Do you know, Elinor, I have a great curiosity to meet this Miss Apgar?"

"Why?"

"Because she must be a very strange sort of a girl—a kind of freak, in fact. Haven't you some curiosity about her?"

"Not the least in the world. I would rather not meet such a person."

Annette withdrew, and Elinor set herself to solve the confusing problem now presented.

Mark Ainslie had certainly been at Newport on the previous day—he had certainly gone thence to Narragansett Pier. If he really were the person whom Mrs. Saltonstall saw with Olga Apgar, what interpretation could she put upon it? or rather, what explanation could she give that would not be discreditable to him? If it was not Mark, then it must have been Fletcher; but Smithson had telegraphed that Fletcher was in New York!

"There is but one thing I can do," was the end of her meditation. "I will go down to the city on the next train, and see Mr. Smithson!"

She glanced at her watch. If she were expeditious she could catch a train almost immediately. She ordered the carriage, was ready by the time it came around, and reached the depot five minutes before the train was due. She sent a message to Smithson, asking him to meet her at the Grand Central station, boarded the train, and was off.

Smithson was as prompt as herself, and was awaiting her. Elinor smiled, shook hands with him, and said she had come to the city expressly to have a talk with him.

"Delighted, I'm sure. Shall we go to a restaurant, or take a drive in the Park?"

"A drive, by all means. It is too warm to sit indoors when it can be avoided."

Smithson secured a carriage, and they were soon on their way.

"I received a note from Mr. Ainslie this morning," Elinor began, "in which he spoke of receiving a telegram from you, saying that this Mr. Fletcher is in the city."

"Oh, yes! Ran right into him yesterday morning. I thought it was Ainslie!"

"Is the resemblance so very marked?"

"Marked? Why, Miss Atherton, it is marvelous! I thought it was Ainslie—never thought of the other fellow!" and thereupon he gave her a detailed account of the meeting.

Of course it increased her perplexity. It was perfectly certain, from the time at which this encounter took place, that Fletcher could have been at Newport. Hence it followed that it must have been Mark Ainslie!

But Elinor's faith in Mark was not yet shaken. There *must* be some explanation!

"Have you heard from Mr. Ainslie—I mean as to when he will return to New York?"

"He wired me last night that he had been compelled to go to Narragansett Pier, but would be here to-day."

"What time do you expect him?"

"I wish I knew! I want to get on the track of that fellow!"

"How do you expect to find him?"

"Oh, if he's in New York the detective will find him! I've got half a dozen of them hunting for him to-day; they may have him run down by this time."

"Then you abandoned the search to come to meet me—I am keeping you from it! How could you let me do so?"

"Not at all, Miss Atherton. Delighted to see you. But the detectives can work just as well without me as with me, I assure you."

"What do you expect to do further when Mr. Ainslie arrives?"

"Go to Philadelphia and find out all about this fellow Fletcher. Ainslie thinks he lives there; at least that's what Fletcher told his acquaintances in Halifax."

"Do you think it certain that Mr. Ainslie will return to-day?"

"I presume so; that is what is telegram said."

"May not his business, whatever it is, detain him longer?"

"I cannot tell. I do not know its nature."

Elinor gazed out over the beauties of Central Park for a moment. "Now, Mr. Smithson," she said, turning to him with a pleasant smile, "I must let you go back to your detectives. I know you are longing to do so—no, don't perjure yourself!" she added, as he made a negative motion of his head. "I feel as anxious as yourself to have him found. Take me back to the depot, and I will go home."

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

Mark was vexed that his return to New York was delayed, but there was certainly no possible help for it. He had, without knowing it, prevented a silly, romantic girl from throwing herself away upon an adventurer, so cowardly and skulking by nature that the mere presence of Mark caused him to desert the girl, when he had almost secured her—and her prospective fortune, which was the real motive he had in view. Mark's anxiety was to restore her at the earliest possible moment to her mother's protection, for the sake of her reputation.

Olga, however, did not seem to realize the possible consequences of the foolish step she had undertaken. She sat by Mark, and chattered of inconsequential trifles. His presence recalled vividly the memories of the days of her love-making with Fletcher. As she looked on Mark, it seemed that all the intervening time had been but a troubled dream.

The difference between the two men, she soon realized, was a mental one. Mark took no interest in flirtations gossip. The themes on which he attempted to talk were, in turn, those which did not possess any interest for her. Gradually Mark ceased his efforts to amuse her, and sat silent, except an occasional affirmative remark, while Olga prattled gayly of the people at the Pier, and the little round of trivialities that make up the sum of daily life at every summer resort. She enjoyed herself better, too, now that her companion had lapsed into silence; for the glamor of those old sweet days—and they were inexpressibly sweet to the romantic girl—gradually was renewed, and so long as Mark kept silence, he seemed to be her old lover. When he spoke, he awed her.

Gradually Olga grew quiet. It dawned upon her that, if the old love were so easily aroused, she had made a narrow escape. Suppose she had married Holmes, and afterward had met her old love! The thought made her grave.

So she sat in a day-dream, in which Mark, sitting silently by her side and gazing over the sunlit waters, was Fletcher to her. Stronger and stronger came back the old feeling of love. She tried to imagine what had happened to Fletcher. Why had he not braved all difficulties in order to meet her again? She did not doubt his love for her. There must be a mystery in his life—something which held him apart from her.

The boat arrived at the pier. Mark had been considering what he should say to Mrs. Apgar. He determined to tell the simple truth as to the girl's present escapade, and add also the story of Fletcher. On the whole, he was not sorry to have the opportunity of disabusing Mrs. Apgar's mind concerning himself, and of setting the matter right. The sooner his Milville acquaintances learned the truth, the better; and he preferred that they should learn them from Mrs. Apgar and Mrs. Saltonstall than for himself. Out of the mouths of his foes should his vindication come.

Leaving the boat, he escorted Olga, who was again chatting briskly, to the hotel. Here, to his consternation, he found that Mrs. Apgar had gone to Newport—that they had passed each other on the trip. What was he to do now? He could not leave Olga here without having an explanation with her mother.

Olga, however, was pleased to find that her mother was away. There was at least a respite from the inevitable scolding. She ran up to the rooms occupied by herself and her mother, and the latter's maid gave her a very graphic account of the latter's anger—so graphic that it made Olga quake with terror.

She soon rejoined Mark in the parlor. That young man had waited for her at her request, and had spent the time in considering what was to be done. He felt certain that Mrs. Apgar would seek Mrs. Saltonstall; hence he determined to telegraph her in care the latter, and ask her to return on the next boat.

Olga came into the parlor with a very sober face. The prospect of her mother's wrath was not pleasant.

"Miss Apgar," said Mark, "I must telegraph your mother to return on the next boat. I presume you will remain at the hotel until she comes—which will doubtless be by the evening?"

"Oh, yes," responded Olga, "I shall wait here for her. But, Mr. Ainslie—you won't go away until you see mamma, will you, please. Our mail tells me she is dreadfully angry at me; and you—you can tell her all about it so much better than I can."

Mark looked down into Olga's face. Yes—it was a pretty one, though not indicative of great strength of character. He was touched by the appealing look in the eyes.

Most certainly I shall wait to see Miss Apgar. Do not fear; I will be here before the boat gets in."

He went to the telegraph office and sent his message; and then over to the Casino, where he met an acquaintance or two—for Narragansett Pier is a favorite resort of Philadelphians—and sat down for a quiet chat until the time for the arrival of the boat which he hoped would bring Mrs. Apgar.

It was a great relief to Olga to find that her mother had kept the elopement secret. She rejoiced in her inmost soul that its consummation by marriage had been prevented by the meeting with Ainslie. The glamour of her former love affair, revived by her being in Ainslie's company, dominated her. She could not content herself in her room; the day was warm, and she longed for the free air out of doors. But she did not wish to meet any of her acquaintances; she wished to be alone, that she might yield herself to the spell of the memories which had been reawakened.

So leaving the hotel, she made her way to the beach by an unfrequented path, and strolled alone on the sands. She walked on, engrossed in reverie, till she reached an inviting nook among the rocks, inviting her to rest. She sat down, and let her mind rove at will, reproducing the scenes of that summer, inexpressibly sweet to her, of two years before.

Who was Fletcher? What cruel fate had swept him away from her? Now that she had heard Ainslie's story, Fletcher once more invested with a romantic halo. She longed to see him once more—to hear from his own lips the mystery of his disappearance. His masquerading under Ainslie's name seemed to her but a part of this mystery which she was so anxious to have solved.

Several times while she sat there persons had passed, but she was screened from their observation. As another party passed by, she heard a voice that struck an answering chord in her memory. She sprang to her feet, stepped around the great rock which screened her from observation—and Albert Fletcher stood before her!

"Olga!" The name came instinctively to his lips in his amazement.

The girl was still under the spell of the past. Her face was radiant with smiles, her eyes dewy and tender. She stretched both her hands in welcome as she said:

"Is you—at last!"

Fletcher's presence there was by the merest chance. On the morning before, he had received his mother's letter with the hundred-dollar draft, and he was on his way to get it cashed when he encountered Smithson. Obtaining the money, he went up town, and encountered two theatrical friends, who were on their way to take a jaunt in a steam-yacht, which had been loaned them for the rest of the week. Fletcher had invited them in to drink, and was pressed to make one of the party. The consented. The little vessel ran up the Sound, and had just anchored at the Pier. They proposed to stay there a few hours, and then take a run by moonlight over to Long Island.

Fletcher's two companions, seeing him stop to speak to Olga, strolled on. The girl grasped his hands as she spoke, and drew him into the nook behind the rock. They were alone.

"My dear Olga—I am so glad to see you again!"

Olga was trembling with joy. It was as if time had turned back, and placed her again at Fletcher's side.

"Where have you been so long? And why did you take Mr. Ainslie's name?"

Fletcher colored furiously. He did not know what to answer. Olga knew of the deception—but still she did not seem to be angry. Fin

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

"The Oak," is a popular introduction to Forest Botany and is so described upon the title page. The author is H. Marshall Ward, a man who is thoroughly prepared to treat the subject intelligently. Published in the Modern Science series, edited by Sir John Lubbock, and issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

"The Story of Philip Methuen" is by Mrs. J. H. Needell. It is a book of the standard English class of three volume novels, here compressed into one, in which society, politics and religion are illustrated by the several characters. It appears in Appleton's Town and Oounty Library.

A pretty volume of "Selected Poems by Walt Whitman" is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. It contains many of his best effusions and none of the offensive ones; at least none that can offend any but the superfastidious. The best parts of the much talked-of and praised "Leaves of Grass" are included in the collection.

In the series of "Famous Women of the French Court," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York city, appears "The Duchess of Angouleme and the Two Restorations," by Imbert de Saint Amand. In this we have an account of the later life of the daughter of Louis XVI., which reached to the time of many of our readers.

A book which will be received with pleasure by the lovers of good literature, is one also from the Scribner's, entitled "Essays Upon German Literature," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. There are a half dozen chapters devoted to Goethe, which treat of that poet and his works at considerable length.

"Across the Plains," with other memories and essays by Robert Louis Stevenson, compares favorably with the other works of this popular author. The papers have been collected from the *Magazine of Art*, *Fraser's*, *Longman's* and *Scribner's* magazines by Sidney Colvin, and published in book form as they now are, make an exceedingly interesting volume. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"A Text Book of Nursing," intended for the use of training schools, families and private students, is issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. It was compiled by Clara S. Weeks-Shaw, and the present is the second edition, which has been considerably enlarged from the first, and is well illustrated.

"Three Hundred and Sixty-six Dinners" were suggested by M. E. N., and are gathered together in a pretty little volume that is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third street, New York city. The object is stated to be not to furnish elaborate menus, but to help the housekeeper in arranging for her daily dinners.

A book which is issued by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., 475 N. Fifth street, Philadelphia, entitled "How to Cook Vegetables" is now in its third edition, showing the popularity which it has acquired among housekeepers. The volume was prepared by Mrs. S. T. Rorer who is well known as the principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School. This little volume is given by Burpee & Co. as a premium to the purchaser of seeds, bulbs or plants.

Another book from the same publishers, perhaps now in its fourth edition, is "How and What to Grow in the Kitchen Garden of One Acre," by E. D. Darlington and L. M. Moll. It covers the ground very fully, and no one who desires to have a good garden can fail if the directions are all carefully followed. The book is well illustrated which adds to its value.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, issue a new hand book illustrated dictionary of the English language with an extensive appendix.

"A Double Life and the Detectives," by Allan Pinkerton, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"My Guardian," by Ada Cambridge, author of "Three Miss Kings," "Not All in Vain," etc., is a most charming little story of English life, being pure and healthful, filled with a sustained interest which carries the reader onward to the last page without weariness, and leaves a pleasant memory in its wake. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In 1869, twenty-three years ago, Miss MacGregor wrote her novel, "John Ward's Governess." She was then but 17 years of age, and it was considered a remarkable story. G. W. Dillingham, New York, has now reprodnced the book, without alteration or revision, believing it will meet a popular sale.

"The Old Harbor Town," by Augusta Campbell Watson, is a novel founded on events of the war of 1776. The scene of this story is laid in New London, Conn., during the early struggles of our country for independence. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"The Married Belle," by Julie P. Smith, author of "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter," "Chris and Otho," "The Widower," etc., is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

—Constipation, Piles and Chronic Diarrhœa treated at home by the Brinkerhoff System. In use twelve years. Pamphlet and symptom blank by mail, 10c. Address, Dr. W. C. Brinkerhoff, McVicker Building, Chicago, Ill.

TWO MOODS.

I plucked the harebells as I went
Singing along the river-side;
The skies above were opulent
Of sunshine, "Ah, whate'er betide,
The world is sweet, is sweet," I cried,
That morning by the river-side.

The curlews called along the shore;
The boats put out from sandy beach;
And I heard the breakers roar,
Mellowed to silver sounding speech;
And still I sang it o'er and o'er,
"The world is sweet forevermore!"

Perhaps to-day some other one,
Loitering along the river-side,
Content beneath the gracious sun,
May sing again, "Whate'er betide,
The world is sweet." I shall not chide,
Although my song is done.
—[Mary F. Prescott.

TELEGRAPHY BY TELEPHONE.

They Didn't Want to Give Themselves Away.

It was noonday in a busy down-town office, and a *Herald* reporter was awaiting the return of the manager, when the pretty stenographer went to the telephone and after the usual parley with central called:

"Hello, Charley! Are you busy just now?"

Apparently Charley was not, for she continued: "Oh, yes, I had a lovely time, but don't you think——"

Here there came a strange pause, and with a pencil she tapped idly on a light piece of board which she had taken from her desk and was holding before the transmitter.

"A case of 'wait a minute,'" thought the eaves-dropper, sympathetically; but the pretty girl spoke again, with a laugh:

"I don't believe it, for I heard——"

Then she began tapping on the board again. Then the reporter caught on. She was telegraphing. So when she returned to her desk he remarked: "I notice you have an original method of telephoning."

"Oh, did you see that? Well, I'll tell you about it, but you must not give it away. You see I can't use the telephone here without every one in the room hearing what I say, and they do say that those girls in the central office listen to the conversations over the wire, and, as Charley and I are both telegraphers, we invented this method of conversing by telephone. Isn't it a great scheme? Not one in the office understands it."

But a young man at an adjacent desk worked a sounder in pantomime and winked at the *Herald* man.—[Boston Herald.

The Study of History.

Teacher—What is the value of a study of ancient history?

Smartest boy—To learn what the ancients did.

"And of modern history?"

"To see if modern history repeats itself."—[Buffalo Express.

A Felt Want.

Mississippi has removed all the screens from her saloons. Now if she would put them up in front of her barber shops it would be well. A fellow never looks at his best in a barber's chair, and yet the fashion is to show him off.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE GHOST AT IDA'S GRAVE.

It Guarded Her Coffin Against the Desecration of Body-Snatchers.

The Chicago *Herald* says the German Luthern cemetery is situated in close proximity to Graceland, and in it are buried thousands of what were once good, sensible, jolly Germans of Chicago, both male and female. One of the bodies that lies there is that of a stout hardware dealer, who used to keep a prospering store on Milwaukee avenue, near Noble street. He was taken sick one day and died, and his family shortly after got into straitened circumstances. His pretty young daughter, Ida by name, likewise sickened and died. Her death occurred at the hospital, and some of the features of the disease which carried her off were of unusual interest from a purely scientific standpoint. As nobody had claimed the body for a day or two orders were given to have it taken to the dissecting room and there explored for the benefit of budding M. D's. But the mother of the girl all the while had been exerting herself among her friends to raise money enough to afford her poor child a decent burial, and at last she had succeeded. So just in the nick of time the old mother presented herself at the county hospital and claimed and obtained the body of her child. On the same

THE GHOST AT IDA'S GRAVE.

day was the funeral. What followed is given here on the authority of William Zenge, who at the time was employed as grave-digger around the German Lutheran cemetery:

It appears that a hanger-on at one of the medical colleges took it upon himself to disinter the body of the young girl and turn it over, in exchange for a snug little sum, to the janitor of that college. As this resurrectionist on a moist, foggy night in October, 1887, approached the newly made grave of his intended victim he was startled and scared beyond measure by the apparition of a stout, husky man looking straight and threateningly at him. The apparition was that of the recently deceased father of the dead girl, keeping watch at the grave of his daughter to guard it against desecration. The would-be grave robber was so utterly demoralized by the unearthly sight that met his eyes that he threw down his tools—spade and all—and fled.

SHE WAS NO PHONOGRAPH.

Consequently It Was a Simple Business Letter.

The door leading from the reception room to the young lawyer's private office was not quite closed, yet he no doubt thought it was.

A gentleman calling on business heard voices in the next room and seated himself in a chair near the door and awaited his turn. As he innocently sat there he heard something like this amid the clicking of a typewriting machine:

"Mr. Jay Gasling, Suem, Kansas—you know I love you—dear sir—what makes your cheeks so red? They're pretty as roses—I desire to inform you that—the other girls aren't in it with you—I hold for collection your promissory note—you've got such lovely hands! They ought to be playing a piano or a golden harp instead of an old typewriti g machine—given the 9th of January—I think June, with its moonlight nights and hammock parties, is lots nicer, don't you?—1891, for $200—I wish I had $200,000,000; I'd give every cent of it to you—payable six months after date—loan me your gum awhile—with interest at 10 per cent—had your hair curled to-day, didn't you? —if not paid at maturity. Will you kindly inform me—what size glove do you wear?—if you desire to forward the amount—I like the way you dress your neck—or shall I send note there for collection?—But really I must put my lips close to your ear or you can't hear what I say. — A prompt reply will greatly oblige—your ear is awfully warm —yours truly, etc."

Then the waiting man grew weary and went away wondering what the man in Kansas would think when he got such a letter.—[Chicago Times.

Rather Tired of It.

St. Peter—Let—me—see, miss, where are you from?

New Arrival—I am from Boston.

St. Peter (playfully)—Ah, yes. I have heard of Boston——

New Arrival—Now, see here. If you say one word about beans, I won't go in. —[New York Weekly.

Brightest When Full.

"How bright the moon is to-night," said Nagus, as they walked to church last night.

"Yes," said Mrs. Nagus, "like most men, brighter when full."—[Philadelphia Record.

William A. Lehr

of Kendallville, Ind., says Hood's Hood's Sarsaparilla is

King of Medicines

And His Cure Was

Almost a Miracle

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: When I was 14 years of age I was confined to my bed for several months by an attack of rheumatism, and when I had partially recovered I did not have the use of my legs, so that I had to go on crutches. About a year later, Scrofula, in the form of

White Swellings,

appeared on various parts of my body, and for eleven years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed six years. In that time ten or eleven of these sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. Several times pieces of bone worked out of the sores. Physicians did not help me and

I Became Discouraged

"I went to Chicago to visit a sister, as it was thought a change of air and scene might do me good. But I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was so impressed with the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases similar to mine that I decided to try it. So a bottle was bought, and to my great gratification and surprise soon decreased, and I began to feel better. This strengthened my faith in the medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors

To make a long story short, I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a year, when I had become so fully released from the chains of disease that I took a position with the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since that time have not lost a single day on account of sickness. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I endorse

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for it has been a great blessing to me, and to my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of all medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, No. 9 North Railroad st., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Pills cure Biliousness.

Comes back—every cent that you've paid for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, if you have not found the help that you need. But, if you're a tired and feeble woman, or a delicate and ailing one, it's a remedy that's sure to give it.

Practically, it's sold *on trial*. That's what it amounts to. If it doesn't give satisfaction, in the building-up and strengthening of overtaxed womanhood, and the complete cure of all the delicate derangements, functional disturbances, and painful disorders peculiar to the sex—then you have your money back.

You'd think that *any* medicine could be sold so, if it did all that's claimed for it.

Exactly.

But the fact remains that out of all the medicines for women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only one* that's sold on such terms.

Knowing these things, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else, that pays the dealer better, offered as "just as good."

AT SEA WITH A GHOST.

Bilson's Spirit Returned to the Mirabel and Terrified Her Crew.

A strange story is told by Capt. Joseph Sims, of the schooner Mirabel, which arrived here yesterday from Matanzas, says the Philadelphia *Times*. The vessel was manned by a new crew, a fact which occasioned much surprise in shipping circles and caused the captain to be deluged with questionsby persons interested in the ship and its crew. When seen by a reporter Capt. Sims appeared to be weary from the questions put to him, but cheerfully gave the reporer an account of his trip. He said that when his vessel sailed from this port for Matanzs on January 20 last she was manned by 30 stalwart sailors, mostly Englishmen. Nearly all of them had served on the Mirabel for a number of years, and were capable seamen. Just before sailing for Matanzas several new men had been taken on, and there was no way of discovering their ability. This is the story of the captain's own words:

"I found that the new men were all able sailors and willing to work. There was one man, however, who was addicted to drink to a greater extent than is usually the case. He always had a bottle in his pocket and drank continually through the day. I did not, of course, like to see this, but as he did not become intoxicated and was able to work with the best of them I said nothing. This habit of drinking could not be kept up all the time, however, without serious results in time, and when I saw that he had no intention of giving it up I spoke to him, saying that he was drinking too much. He did not take offense, but promised to give up the habit while at sea.

"He did not drink anything the next day, but it was very hard on him, and I felt very sorry for the poor fellow. He was on watch that night from midnight until daylight. The last thing I said to him before he went on deck was: 'Remember, Bilson, about the liquor,' to which he replied that I need not fear. Well, it could not have been more than two hours after I retired when I was awakened by a tremendous noise on deck. Hastening above, I saw two of my men trying hold Bilson, who was doing his best to leap overboard. On inquiring what was the matter I was told that the fellow was suffering from delirium tremens and frightened to death himself. He had broken his good resolution, and had been drinking more heavily than before. After a severe struggle, during which the men were severely handled by the maddened man, Bilson was finally overpowered and put in irons. He howled and raved during the entire night, continually shouting for some one to take them off. The men whom I found holding Bilson when I reached the deck, said they had been awakened by hearing him shouting and running around the deck. They went up to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and as soon as they appeared, Bilson mad a motion as though eabout to jump into the water. Quickly grasping him, they were engaged in trying to subdue him when I reached the deck.

"But the strangest part of the story is yet to come. Bilson did not recover from his attack of tremens and died during the afternoon. We kept him until the next day, when, wrapping him in a shot of canvas, we consigned his body to the waves.

"Two nights afterwards I was awakened by a knock at my door, and upon opening it saw the midnight watch standing before me with a face white as chalk and hair almost standing on end. In a trembling voice he told me that Bilson was on deck sitting on a coil of rope in the stern of the boat. Of course, I thought the man was mistaken, and told him that he must have fallen asleep and dreamed he saw Bilson. He said, however, that he had not been asleep, and was positive he had seen either Bilson or his ghost. He begged me to go on deck and see. I finally consented and went above.

"Upon reaching the deck I looked aft, and to say that I was startled would be putting it mild. I was dumbfounded. There, upon a coil of rope, sat Bilson,

THERE ON A COIL OF ROPE SAT BILSON.

with his head erect, gazing fixedly into the water. I called to him, but he did not turn his head. I then went to the place where he sat, but when I reached the spot nothing but the rope was there.

"He did not appear that night, but the next night and a number of times after the apparition appeared on deck and took its seat upon the rope. Every man on board saw it, and as it seemed to have no intention of leaving the vessel, the men became frightened and vowed they would leave when they reached port. The last time Bilson's ghost appeared was the night before we got to Matanzas. At the usual hour we were all on hand waiting for the apparition. We had not long to wait, for in a short time the ghost appeared, from where no one could tell, and took its accustomed seat on the rope. After gazing into the water a short time it arose and pointed its finger in the direction of the town we were approaching. It then walked noiselessly to the deck rail and, looking down into the water, shuddered. It again turned and looked towards Matanzas, then gave a leap and disappeared beneath the waves without a sound. Every one heaved a sigh of relief, but that night every man on board made up his mind to leave the Mirabel, and they all did.

"After unloading the vessel's cargo I could not induce any one of them to sail on the return trip, and was forced to look up a new crew. The apparition did not appear on the vessel during the passage to this city."

LITTLE BOBBIE'S EASTER.

Little Bobbie went to church first time on Easter day,
'T was fun to watch his eyes stick out at all the colors gay;
At all the people sitting down so solemn and so quiet
And standing up when in the loft the choir set up its riot;
He took in all the bright stained glass and flowers, but never stirred
Because muma had told him that he must n't speak a word.
But when he saw the minister in stole and surplice white
He pooled both his chubby fists at him in great delight;
And then his little voice rang out with boyish laugh and shake:
"Say, pop, that man 's got frostin' on, dess like my Easter cake!"
—[Tom Masson, in Puck.

Fish Stories During Lent.

Lying is a reprehensible habit, generally speaking; but fish stories are quite appropriate during Lent.—[Boston Transcrip.

When the Tragedy Begins.

Teacher—Why do comedies always end with a marriage?

Pupil—Because that is where the tragedy begins.—[Figaro.

HERE'S A CONUNDRUM.

Did It Jump or Climb There?—A Fox in the Crotch of a Tree.

Henry Jarvis, a young farmer living several miles east of Port Leyden, N. Y., had an odd experience with a fox the other day. He had observed that one seemed to have a runway along a small stream, tributary to Black river, and determined one morning after a light fall of snow on the crust to go on the trail, and shoot him or dig him out according to the place where he overtook him.

Jarvis had no dog, but started off with a pick and shovel, and a light rifle over his shoulder. The trail led him about three miles up the creek, becoming fresher as Jarvis tramped along, and then the fox himself was seen ambling about, sticking his nose into holes about old stumps and other places where mice might be found, with an occasional look into the top of a spruce, as if he expected to see a partridge there. With considerable pains Jarvis crept up within rifle shot, at which time the fox was right on the edge of a thick bunch of small spruces, on one side of which was a large birch with branches springing out about twelve or fifteen feet above the snow.

As Jarvis brought his rifle to his shoulder the click of the raising hammer was heard by the fox. It stopped instantly, and then Jarvis fired. The fox jumped and half turned around, and then as Jarvis fired again disappeared in the thicket.

Pumping a new cartridge into his rifle Jarvis hurried up. There was a flick of blood on the snow where the fox had stood at the second fire, and beyond that the marks of two long jumps that led direct to the big birch. There the trail ended.

On examining the tree Jarvis found a hole in it through which he could push his gloved fist. It looked like a pretty small hole for a full grown fox to crawl through, but Jarvis could not see any other place into which the box could have gone, and so he thrust the pick handle into the hole to keep the fox in while he should go off for an axe. Then he leaned the rifle with the shovel and the pick against the tree and walked away toward the home of Farmer Demmler. Ten rods or so from the tree he stopped and turned around to look at it, thinking how incredible it seemed that the fox should have leaped up through that hole. The instant his gaze fell upon the tree he saw the fox calmly watching him from a comfortable seat in the second crotch from the snow. Jarvis says that the animal was at least fifteen feet above the level of the snow.

The man was now, to use his own terms, "in a pickle," because he had left his rifle at the tree. However, the beast was sure to run away if left alone, and it could do no more if the man returned. So Jarvis walked back as uncoucerned as possible, and the fox remained in the crotch until Jarvis knocked it out with a shot from his rifle. An examination showed that one of the bullets fired at it had just barked its tail.

No one doubts the story of Jarvis, but what people around here would like to know is whether foxes climb trees or whether this one, spurred by the bullets fired at it, made the extraordinary leap from the snow to a crotch some fifteen feet above its level.

FOR AFTER-EASTER WEAR.

A Charming Evening Dress and How it is Made.

This charming dress is of dark blue velvet, fashioned very simply, as the rich fabric requires, and lightened by pale shrimp satin, with passementerie of pearls and gold. The trained skirt of velvet is entirely without trimming; it is gathered to the waist with the fullness massed in the back under a large bow of velvet. All elaborations is the in corsage. The bluntly pointed front is fitted by

AN EVENING DRESS.

darts. Light shrimp satin is used for the under arm forms, and is bordered down each side with passementerie. Tulle spangled with gold is draped on the bosom, and forms the short puffed sleeves. The satin reappears in high epaulets and a large chou on each sleeve. Long white gloves are much wrinkled around the arms. The hair, arranged with simple careless grace, is without ornament—indeed, all ornaments is superfluous, as the chrysanthemums fitly complete the noble ensemble.

VICTORY!

This "glorious old hymn of Victory," as it is fitly named, is a translation from the Greek of John of Damascus, who lived in the eighth century, and, according to Gibbon, was the last of the fathers of the Greek church. To him belongs the honor of being unanimously esteemed the greatest poet of the Eastern church. His chief works as a sacred poet consist of three great canons. A canon on sacred song is a term employed in the Greek church to denote a long poem consisting of nine odes. The above hymn is the first ode of his celebrated canon for Easter day, called from its general excellence, the "Golden Canon." It is a hymn of victory, designed to be sung at the first hour of Easter morn:

The day of resurrection!
Earth tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright,
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All Hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all there is therein!
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen;
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

A Record-Breaker.

The Central railroad of New Jersey is the proud possessor of a new engine which is a record-breaker. Running light the other day—that is, with no car attached—it got over a mile of track in 39½ seconds.

The Final Test.

Sawyer—The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

De Spec—No it isn't. It's in the digesting.—[N. Y. Sunday News.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

PUBLIC MEN SPEAK.

Opinions of Importance Freely Expressed.

Most Interesting and Valuable Facts Brought Out in an Interview by Our Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20.—The interviews with various prominent men which I recently sent you as to the apparently mysterious cause of the untimely and sudden deaths among them, has aroused a great deal of excitement.

Senators, representatives and heads of departments all declare that unless some steps can be taken to avoid the killing strains of public life, few prominent men would care to run for office. Traced to its source, it has become fully apparent that there is one great cause for it all, and that cause is the wearing strains upon certain organs of the body which cause their tissues to give way, and hence bring about sickness or sudden death. I continued the investigation, which was reported yesterday, by calling upon a number of leading public men.

Hon. Daniel Lockwood, genial and whole-souled, has an extensive knowledge of the public men of the country. He was well aware of the strains to which they are subjected, and the sudden deaths which have been so prevalent. "It would seem," he said, "as though there should be some way of preventing these things. Our grandfathers had family remedies that seemed to preserve health and prolong life, and it would appear as though some modern discovery should be found which would answer the same purpose for the added strains of modern life. I think if any one has such a discovery it is certainly my friend Warner with his famous Safe Cure. I know of a great many people who use it constantly, and I have in mind one gentleman connected with this Government Printing office here who, together with his wife, has occasion to be exceedingly grateful for the restored health and strength which Warner's Safe Cure has imparted."

Hon. H. S. Greenleaf was found in the House of Representatives. He said: "The exhaustions of public life are certainly very great, but so also are the strains of business life, of professional life, of social life. I have personal acquaintance with Mr. Warner, the discoverer of the celebrated Safe Cure, and I consider it far superior to any or all other preparations. Certainly any article as popular as that and selling as extensively as it does, must have unusual merit."

Probably the most remarkable case of a government official brought to death's door and then rescued is that of Mr. J. Henderson Wilkinson, a prominent attorney of this city. In conversation with me, he said: "Ten years ago I was seized with an attack of Bright's disease. I was then at work in the Treasury here. I know it was Bright's disease for several reasons. In early life, I studied medicine some little time. I knew from my symptoms what my trouble was, but I was also in the hands of my physicians. How badly I became, you can understand when I say that my hands became bloated and actually cracked open. My limbs and body would alternately swell and collapse. I could only creep across the floor. Finally my physician said to me: 'You are at death's door with Bright's disease. You may live a few weeks, but there is absolutely no hope of your recovery.' Although I was so very sick, my friends did not desert me. Numbers of them called to express their sympathy. Col. Daniel A. Grosvenor, Judge Tarbel, Rev. Dr. Rankin, Col. Robert M. Douglas—more than a hundred prominent men extended to me their sympathy. None supposed for a moment I could ever recover. Upon the advice of the Rev. Dr. Rankin, now President of the Howard University, I began the use of a preparation of which I had but little knowledge. I began to improve at once. I continued its use, nothing else, and I state to you to-day that I owe my life solely to Warner's Safe Cure, which rescued me from the grave after the doctors had abandoned all hope. I am certain that if men and women generally fully realized the wonderful power of this great discovery, and used it faithfully, there would be less sickness, fewer deaths, longer life and more happiness than at present."

I was greatly impressed with Mr. Wilkinson's earnestness of manner. Certain it is, that his statement is true, and that he is to-day in perfect health.

Senator Blackburn not only knows what wearing strains of political life are, but also of the power which the great discovery above mentioned has shown both in Washington and throughout the land. Indeed, he is a living example of its efficiency.

I saw Senator W. C. Squire, Mr. H. C. Clark of the First Auditor's Office, Captain J. G. Ball, and many others, and their statements amply confirm all that I had previously learned.

Mr. Abraham I. Hahn, well-known in newspaper and army circles, said: "Personally, I have no use for Warner's Safe Cure, and consider it the best medicine in the world for the diseases it is recommended to cure. A member of my family has also been cured after several physicians had failed to do any good."

Mr. H. McNeil, a highly educated man, a graduate of a medical college, said: "I have frequently heard Mrs. Hahn mention Warner's Safe Cure, and its highly beneficial effect."

Wherever I went I found the testimony the same. It was generally admitted that the strains of public life in Washington were wearing and shortening to the life, but it was universally conceded that for overcoming these tendencies, for strengthening the vitality, toning the health and prolonging the life nothing had ever been known equal to the great remedy I have above described.

BRILLIANTS.

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart and I have his.
—[Sir Philip Sidney.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—[Bayard Taylor.

Oh, then the bliss of bliss, to be freed
From all the wants by which the world is driven;
With liberty and endless time to read
The libraries of heaven!
—[Robert Leighton.

He was a man whose life had caught
The charm of books, the joy of thought;
His every sentence beauty slips,
Like diamonds dropping from his lips.
—[James B. Wiggin.

The stream is calmest as 'tis growing wide,
And flowers are sweetest at the even-tide;
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.
—[Mrs. J. M. Winton.

My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss,
What ten to me were grounds?
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones.
—[Alexander Smith.

As other men have creeds, so have I mine;
Keep me the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels minist rant between;
I hold to one true church of all true souls,
Whose churchly zeal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying-on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.
—[Theodore Tilton.

We promise our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight we groan with hinders less,
We'll welcome such calm repose
As bantsbes cares' disturbing din.
And then we'll welcome the angels in.
—[Margaret J. Preston.

A Model Husband.

Wife—"I saw the loveliest lace spreads to-day, only $2.50, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize, and so I didn't get them."

Husband—"That's too bad, my dear; you should have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness, and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which bor ers with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty, and appeals pleasantly to your æsthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than $2.50.—[New York Weekly.

Contradictions.

Plenty of tall men are "short," loose men "tight," cold men "warm," and big men "small."—[Philadelphia Record.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Garget or Mammitis.

B. G., Michigan: The greater number of cases of garget occur soon after parturition when the udder is in its highest state of activity. It may be brought on by driving the cow rapidly when the udder is distended with milk, or by the udder striking a hard substance when the cow is in the act of lying down. Neglecting to milk will cause it. The stagnant milk in the ducts leading to the udder becomes hardened, and irritation results. If the udder of your heifer is sound, the fact that she gave bloody milk after she had her calf, will not have any influence toward the renewal of the trouble when she "comes in" in May. If there is a recurrence of the disease, take it in hand at once, by giving her ½ lb. of salts in a quart of warm water in which a teacupful of molasses and a full teaspoonful each of ginger and gentian has been stirred. After this operates give an ounce of saltpeter in her drinking water once a day for five days, and milk her not less than three times a day. Gently hand-run the udder with powdered camphor, ½ oz.; extracts of belladonna, ½ oz.; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well. Bathe the udder before applying, which should be do e twice a day, with warm water, and wipe dry. If the milk becomes caked or ropy, dissolve a teaspoonful of common soda in a half pint of water, and inject it into the teats with a small syringe.

Budding Plumb Trees.

H. F., Cherry County, Nebraska: The best time to bud is in July or the first part of August. Select buds that are fully developed. Take a thin bladed knife (the common shoe knife with a short handle, with the blade rounded at the point will answer,) and cut a slit in the stock in the shape of a T; then lift the bark and slip the bud into the cut. The tree should then be tied, leaving the bud alone exposed. Basswood bark makes a good bandage, but any kind of strong cloth cut in strips will do. If within two weeks the bud has begun to swell and look vigerous, the bandage may be removed; but if it looks dull and decayed, life is extinct, and a new bud should be inserted elsewhere in the stock. In selecting buds, take those of medium size and those that have but one leaf at the joint. In taking off the bud insert the knife a little more than half an inch below the bud, or eye, force it into the wood, drawing the knife under the bud, and then cut the piece off above the bud, strip the wood from the part taken off, and insert the bud and piece of bark into the slit made by the knife. Of course, the bark on the stock must be loosened so that the bud and little bit of bark may be pushed snugly down into the slit.

Abnormal Growth In Calf.

W.C.P., South Dakato: After you make the cut in the skin of the anus of your calf, if you sprinkle fullers' earth liberally in the cut made, it may prevent the parts uniting. This earth may be had at any drug store, and five cents' worth will be all you need.

Scours in Mare.

P. W. P., Ohio: Some horses are predisposed to scour, and it is a difficult matter to prevent the trouble. They are those of long bodies, long legs, and narrow, flat sides. Horses of this kind are sure to scour if fed or watered immediately before being put to work. Scours result from round worms, water containing certain minerals, too much cold water passing over the intestinal surface after exhaustion from work, and other causes. It would be well for you to carefully watch the worms; also see that your mare's teeth are in good condition. Withhold all coarse, succulent food, such as green grass. Give small quantities of good, sound hay, and avoid bran mashes. Give all feed dry, and see that it is free from dust or mold. Brown good wheat flour until it is a deep chestnut color, and stir half a pint of this twice a day in a small pail of drinking water, from which the chill has been taken. Give her raw linseed oil, 16 ozs.; oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; tincture of opium, 1 oz. Shake together and give as a draught. Continue the flour water after giving the physic for at least a week. If the scours yet annoy the mare give her sulphate of copper, 2 drachms; powdered opium, 1 dracham, as a ball, or mixed in linseed tea. Give twice a day for a week if the diarrhea does not stop.

Sheep Stagger and Die—Castor Beans

E. L. D., Illinois: Your sheep may be suffering from hydatids or bladder worms. These parisaes are a form of the tape worm of the dog, and sheep are frequently attacked by the worms where they are closely associated with dogs. The parasites work to the brain, where they attain a full growth. The location of the hydatid is indicated by the motion or turning of the sheep.

If it be in the left lobe or half of the brain, the animal turns to the right; if in the right, it turns to the left; if in the back part of the brain, the movements are performed without control; the head is elevated and the limbs moved with difficulty. The parasite grows rapidly, and in three weeks from the first appearance of the symptoms, if the skull be not opened, where the above rules point out, a softening of the skull will be found. Sometimes the skin is accidently broken or the hydatid ruptures the cyst and the sheep recovers. The treatment usually is to introduce a tracar and canula, withdraw the tracar and syringe through the canula this: Iodine, 1 grain; iodide of potash, 5 grains; water, 1 oz. Mix and use a half teaspoonful at a time. Preventives are to keep dogs away from the sheep folds or give them a tapeworm vermifuge. Another thing that attacks sheep is the gadfly, the eggs of which get into the nasal chambers, become grubs, and cause inflammation of the brain, vertigo, or death. Shake tobacco snuff in the nostrils as a remedy, or put the sheep in a close shed and let them inhale smoke from burning horn, leather or feathers. Yes, too many castor beans will act as a poison if eaten by animals. One kind of the bean acts as a physic and another as an emetic. Better not give them to either horses or cattle.

Fixing the Sex.

E. B., Oregon: Many people claim that the sex of animals can be determined at the time of gestation, but there is no certain indication. Nature does not certainly reveal the sex until the time of birth.

To Pickle Meat.

H. J. M., Tennessee: The *American Agriculturist* gives this method of curing meat: To one gallon of water take 1¼ pound of salt, ½ pound of sugar, ½ ounce of saltpeter, ½ ounce of carbonate potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity required. Boil these until all the scum rises, then skim it off. Pour the hot pickle into a tub to cool, then pour it over the meat. The meat must be weighed down to insure its being kept covered. Meat should be slightly sprinkled with saltpeter to remove the surface blood, and rinsed in cold water and laid to drain. In this way two days after slaughter, the meat is put in pickle clean and neat. Blood is the tainting element. By following this method the meat will be always uniformly sweet, delicate, and of good color. Thin, lean meats only require to remain in pickle a few days when they may be used for cooking. Corned beef three to six days. Ham, bacon, chops and shoulders designed for smoking may be left in pickle four weeks, and smoked from a week to ten days.

Something Like Lampas.

J. R. H., Tennessee: Lampas is an active congestion which never proceeds beyond that condition, of the upper gam and palate, immediately behind the upper incisor teeth. The best thing for you to do will be to give the colt a half pint of raw linseed oil, and repeat every third day until three doses are taken. Feed soft feed. If the bars of the mouth are inflamed, scarify them a little with a sharp knife. This disease is confined mostly to colts during the period of dentition, although older animals sometimes are troubled with lampas by reason of over-feeding. It may be that your colt is on the way to an attack of strangles. You will soon discover this if there is swelling between the lower jaw near the throat. Lampas are so well defined that you can make no mistake in detecting the disease.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pocket Gophers.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I saw in the last BLADE, an enquiry from "Ros," Nebraska, for an effective remedy for destroying pocket gophers. I have 50 acres of alfalfa meadow that they come on to more or less every season. As soon as I discover their work, I prepare a number of small slices of sweet potatoes, by spliting them part way through, and putting in a very little strychnia from the point of a small knife blade; then with the small end of a crowbar, find their run near and between mounds of fresh dirt. After striking the run, work the top of the bar till it can be withdrawn, and the hole remain open; then drop in a piece of the potato and leave the hole open. Mr. Gopher will soon discover the opening and come to close it, eat the potato and do no more work. Have heard that carrots or parsnips would be as good as sweet potatoes, but have never tried them, as sweet potatoes are always plentiful here.

I have also tried bi-sulphide of carbon by saturating small loo-ely-made balls of cotton or rags dropped in the hole as soon as possible after the carbon is applied, then cover the hole tigatly with damp dirt. The last method I tried first. It was very effective, but much more expensive.—T. S. ST. JOHN, Kansas.

A Hot Bed.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Not doubting the veracity of W., who gives some excellent ideas on the care of a hot bed, I must say that our views and experience are somewhat at variance. Though honing to hear from W. again, we will give THE BLADE readers our way of making a cheap h

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE COMPARES THEM

He Says the Sting of Death Is Not Half So Terrible as Many Imagine—Decorations of Flowers.

Being Easter morning, the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation had been invited to bring flowers the night before, and a bank of them was on the front of the pulpit and wreaths of them over the pulpit. The word Resurrection was spelled out in letters of white lilies. Especial music was added to the great congregational singing. Dr. Talmage's text was, First Samuel, xv. 32: "Surely the bitterness of death is past."

So cried Agag, and the only objection I have to this text is that a bad man uttered it. Nevertheless, it is true, and in a higher and better sense than in which it was originally uttered. Years ago a legend something like this was told me: In a hut lived a poor woman by the name of Misery. In front of her door was a pear tree, which was her only resource for a living. Christ, the Lord, in poor garb, was walking through the earth, and no one would entertain him. In vain he knocked at the door of palaces and of humble dwellings. Cold and hungry and insufficiently clad, as he was, none received him. But coming one day to the hut of this woman, whose name was Misery, she received him, and offered him a few crusts and asked him to warm himself at the handful of coals, and she sat up all night that the wayfayer might have a pillow to rest on. In the morning this divine being asked her as he departed what she would have him do in the way of reward, and told her that he owned the universe and would give her what she asked. All she asked was that her pear tree might be protected, and that the boys who stole her fruit, once climbing the tree, might not be able to get down without her consent. So it was granted, and all who climbed the tree were compelled to stay there. After awhile Death came along and told the poor woman she must go with him. But she did not want to go, for however poor one's lot is, no one wants to go with death. Then she said to death: "I will go with you if you will first climb up into my pear tree and bring me down a few pears before I start." This he consented to do, but having climbed into the tree, he could not again come down. Then the troubles of the world began, for Death did not come. The physicians had no patients, the undertakers no business, lawyers no wills to make, the people who waited for inheritances could not get them, the old man said in all the professions and occupations, so that there was no room for the young who were coming on, and the earth got overcrowded, and from all the earth the cry went up: "Oh, for Death! Where is Death?" Then the people came to the poor woman and begged her to let Death descend from the tree. In sympathy with the world she consented to let Death come down on one condition, and that was that he should never molest or take her away, and on that condition Death was allowed to come down, and he kept his word and never removed her, and for that reason we always have misery with us.

In that allegory some one has set forth the truth that I mean to pretent on this Easter morning, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ and our coming resurrection—that one of the grandest and mightiest mercies of the earth is our divine permission to quit it. Sixty-four persons every minute step off this planet. Thirty million people every year board this planet. As a steamer must unload before it takes another cargo, so before the passengers of a rail train must leave it in order to have another company of passengers enter it, so with this world. What would happen to an ocean steamer if a man, taking a stateroom, should stay in it forever? What would happen to a rail train if one who purchases a ticket should always occupy the seat assigned him? And what would happen to this world if all who came into it never departed from it? The grave is as much a benediction as the cradle. What a touch this ship in the Black Sea a few days ago! Too many passengers. What was the matter with that steamer on the Thames which, a few years ago, went down with six hundred lives? Too many passengers. Now, this world is only a ship, which was launched some six thousand years ago. It is sailing at the rate of many thousand miles an hour. It is freighted with mountains and cities, and has in its state-rooms and steerage about sixteen hundred million passengers. So many are coming aboard, it is necessary that a good many disembark. Suppose that all the people that have lived since the days of Adam and Eve were still alive—what a cluttered up place this world would be—no elbow room—no place to walk—no privacy—nothing to eat or wear, or if anything were left, the human race would, like a shipwrecked crew, have to be put on small rations, each of us having, perhaps, only a biscuit a day. And what chance would there be for the rising generations? The men and women who started when the world started would keep the modern people back and down, saying, "We are six thousand years old. Bow down. History is nothing, for we are older than history. What a mercy for the human race was death. Within a few years you can get from this world all there is in it. After you have had fifty or sixty or seventy springs, you have seen enough blossoms. After fifty or sixty or seventy autumns, you have seen enough of gorgeous foliage. After fifty or sixty or seventy winters, you have seen enough snow storms and felt enough chills and wrapped yourself in enough blankets. In the ordinary length of human life you have carried enough burdens, and shed enough tears, and suffered enough injustices, and felt enough pangs, and been clouded by enough doubts, and surrounded by enough mysteries. We talk about the shortness of life, but if we exercised good sense we would realize that life is quite long enough. If we are the children of God, we are at a banquet and this world is only the first course of the food, and we ought to be glad that there are other and better and richer courses of food to be handed on. We are here in one room of our Father's house, but there are rooms upstairs. They are better pictured, better upholstered, better furnished. Why do we want to stay in the ante-room forever when there are palatial apartments waiting for our occupancy? What a mercy that there is a limitation to earthly environments.

Death also makes room for improved physical machinery. Our bodies have wondrous powers, but they are very limited. There are beasts that can outrun us, outlift us, outery us. The birds have both the earth and air for travel, yet we must stick to the one. In this world, which the human race takes for its own, there are creatures of such fleetness that pass us in some things. Death removes this slower and less a trot machinery and makes room for something better. These eyes that can see half a mile will be removed for those that can see from world to world. These ears which can hear a sound a few feet off will be removed for ears that can hear from zone to zone. These feet will be removed for powers of locomotion swifter than the reindeer's hoof, or eagle's plume, or lightning's flash. Then, we have only five senses, and to these we are shut up. Why only five senses? Why not fifty, why not one hundred, why not a thousand? A thousand we have, and we will have them, but not until this present physical machinery is put out of the way. Do not think that this body is the best that God can do for us. God did not half try when he contrived your bodily mechanism. Mind you, I believe with all anatomists and all physiologists and all scientists and with the Psalmist that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But I believe and I know that God can and will get us better physical equipment. Is it possible for a man to make improvement in almost anything and God not be able to make improvements in man's physical machinery? Shall canal boat give way to limited express train? Shall slow letter give place to telegraphy, that places San Francisco and New York within a minute of communication? Shall the telephone take the sound of a voice sixty miles and instantly bring back another voice, and God, who made the man who does these things, not be able to improve the man himself with infinite velocities and infinite multiplication? Beneficent death comes in and makes the necessary removal to make way for the supernatural improvements. So also our slow process of getting information must have a substitute. Through prolonged study we learned the alphabet, and then we learned to spell, and then we learned to read. Then the book is put before us, and the eye travels from word to word, and from page to page, and we take whole days to read the book, and, if from that book of four or five hundred pages, we have gained one or two profitable ideas, we feel we have done well. There must be some swifter way and more satisfactory way of taking in God's universe of thoughts and facts and emotions and information. But this cannot be done with your brain in its present state.

Many a brain gives way under the present facility. This whitish mass in the upper cavity of the skull, and at the extremity of the nervous system—this center of perception and sensation cannot endure more than it now endures. But God can make a better brain, and he sends death to remove this inferior brain that he may put in a superior brain. "Well," you say, "does not that destroy the idea of a resurrection of the present body?" Oh, no. It will be the old factory with new machinery, new driving wheel, new bands, new levers and new covers. Don't you see? So I suppose the dullest human brain after the resurrectionary process will have more knowledge, more acuteness, more brilliancy, more breadth and swing than any Sir William Hamilton or Herschel or Isaac Newton or Faraday or Agassiz ever had in the mortal state or all their intellectual powers combined. You see God has only just begun to build you. The palace of your nature has only the foundation laid, and part of the lower story, and only part of one window, but the great architect has made his draft of what you will be when the Alhambra is completed. John was right, when he said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Blessed be death! for it removes all the hindrances. And who has not all his life run against hindrances? We cannot go far up or far down. "I will go far up on the Alps," said the boy, "and if we go far down, we get suffocated. If men would go high up they ascend the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc or Himalaya, but what disasters have been reported as they came tumbling down. Or, if they went down too far, back to the explosion of the fire damps, and see the disfigured bodies of the poor miners at the bottom of the coal shaft.

All those thoughts are suggested as we stand this Easter morn amid the broken rocks of the Saviour's tomb. Indeed I know that tomb has never been rebuilt, for I stood in December of 1889 amid the ruins of that most famous sepulcher of all time. There are thousands of tombs in our Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn with more polished stones and more elaborate masonry and more foliaged surroundings, but as I went down in the dim light supposed tomb of Christ on my return from Mount Calvary I said to myself, "This is the tomb of all tombs. Around this stand more unquestionable incidents than around any grave of all the world since death entered it." I could not breathe easily for overmastering emotion as I walked down the four crumbling steps till we came abreast of the niche in which the Lord of glory was buried. I measured the sepulcher and found it fourteen and a half feet long, eight feet high and nine feet wide. It is a family tomb, and seems to have been built to hold five bodies. Taking care to say that the tomb was empty, and the door of the rock was gone, and the sunlight streamed in, the day that Christ rose and came forth the sepulcher was demolished forever, and no trowel of earthly masonry can ever rebuild it. And the rupture of those rocks, and the snap of that government seal, and the crash of those walls of limestone, and the tramp of the returned but triumphant foot of the risen Jesus we today celebrate with acclaim of worshiping thousands, while with all the nations of Christendom, and all the shining hosts of heaven we chant, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Oh weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

"And now may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good word and work." Hallelujah! Amen.

Falling Over a Precipice

Is a terrible thing even in dreams. The victim of this frequent form of nightmare awakes with a start and a cry; his limbs bathed in cold prespiration, his heart thumping tremendously. Moral: Don't sleep on your back, particularly if you are troubled with dyspepsia and nervousness, and take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to cure these joint troubles. For sleeplessness, the inseparable attendant of chronic dyspepsia, and its offspring as well, the Bitters is a surpassing remedy. The disordered stomach is the progenitor of numberless harassing symptoms, and the organs of thinking is a faithful reflector of its disturbance, in which the liver and bowels also share. If we are to restore tranquility to the brain and nervous system, we must reinforce the stomach and regulate the action of the digestive, secretive and evacuative organs. Prevent and remedy malaria, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, debility, heartburn, sick headache and la grippe with this remedy, which has received the unqualified sanction of eminent physicians.

THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS IN IT.

Millionaires Oftentimes Make the the Worst Kind of Breaks.

To people not closely observant and acquainted with the inside of recent Wall street history, there will doubtless be surprise in the fact that the Standard Oil crowd of financiers, whose wealth fairly has millions for its smallest unit, are notoriously unlucky in their ventures outside of the one industry which they monopolize. Such is the fact. Just glance over the recent record casually.

The Rockefellers own the control of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway. Jay Gould unloaded it on them. They were sure they had a bargain. Likewise they thought that Mr. Gould was in the enterprise to sky along with them. They didn't think right. Mr. Gould took their $35 a share hand and skipped out promptly. In a month or two about $5 a share was the market price of their $35 stock, and nobody was inclined to go in on that quotation even. Then an assessment was found necessary. That meant millions more for the debit side of the Rockefeller bank book. And the M., K. & T. experience is a fair sample of the luck of this particular group of millionaires, whose touch is supposed popularly to be something of an improvement on the old style of Midas. We are taught that only gold can be the coinage of any effort they may make.

Northern Pacific is a further example of the contrary fact. The related Northern American company is one to-day. The very biggest of the Standard Oil crowd went into those properties at their topmost quotations. And in the North American work it is estimated that two of the petroleum magnates lost between them $5,000,000. And how was it in cotton oil? Henry Flagler was the sincerest sort of a bull on the stock of the old trust at the point when it tumbled to points heading to an assessment. The stock he bought up around 60 he still held, as the transfer books showed, when the stuff was down low in the teens. There are plenty of other illustrations, too, if they are needed. A fair instance, forsooth, might be found in the recent venture of some of the Standard's insiders to add to their ducats by backing Mr. Yerkes in his philanthropic scheme to give Chicago cheap gas through the late lamented Economic company. Nor is it so difficult to figure out good reasons why men who are very rich make poor investors.

They get rich by giving undivided personal attention to something. Then having accomplished so much, they proceed to let a lot of other distinguished financiers give them points. Excellent gentlemen, the point-givers, wonderfully effective are they in helping to redistribute the money which may have got inexcusably dammed up in somebody else's hands. But it is not only the millionaires who learn the lesson that it is the only business which a man can attend to himself and know about himself that is likely to produce a profit or avoid a loss. Anything else is merely reckless gambling, and though it may be labeled financiering it is not in the nature of things that it can long be joint account with good luck.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

TWO YEARS AGO.

I was for some time troubled with an obstinate **RASH or HUMOR**, that spread over my face and breast. I consulted physicians, and used many remedies without a cure. At the suggestion of a friend I used Swift's Specific, which completely cured me. This was two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble.—E. H. WELLS, Chesterfield, Va.

S. S. S. is the safest and best remedy for all troubles of the Blood and Skin. It cures by removing the cause, and at the same time builds up the general health.

Send for our Treatise, mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Camp Fire.

Sol Street's Deeds.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Having in a previous letter to the Camp Fire stated what I knew about the killing of Outlaw Sol Street, it will perhaps be interesting reading for the "boys" if I relate some of the doings of that cruel bushwhacker and his nefarious gang, during the war of the rebellion.

Sol Street relieved me of the first money I ever possessed. Hearing that my father had but a short time previous sold some cotton, Sol and his gang came to our house about midnight. Hearing the marauders, my father got up and opened the door, when Sol and four or five of his followers immediately rushed into the house. My father stirred up the coals in the fireplace, added a few chunks to light up the room, and stood leaning against the mantel-piece. Sol called out to father:

"I want you to hand over the money you got for that cotton you carried to Bolivar!"

My father answered that he had taken some cotton to Bolivar and sold it, but he had paid a debt he owed a neighbor and had no money left.

At the reply Sol drew a pistol, cocked it, and placing the muzzle of the weapon against my father's breast, fiercely yelled:

"You —— old white-headed ——, if you don't give up that money I will blow your heart out!"

My parent informed the outlaw that he possessed no money, and that he (Sol) could "blow away" if he wanted to; that it would not shorten his life many days, anyhow. My mother, it so happened, was not at home that night, but at this juncture my sister awakened, and heard Sol command her father to give up the money. She spoke out and said she knew where there was some money. One of the gang told her to get up at once and get the money. The men did not wait for her to dress, but began searching. Soon they discovered the little bank in the dining room in which my mother kept the loose change that belonged to us children. This they quickly appropriated, and returning to the room where my father and Sol Street were, got down on the floor before the "chunk" fire to count the contents of our "bank." This they found to be two $5 greenbacks, $3 in small change, and a gold dollar that belonged to my sister.

"Here is a gold dollar," said one of the robbers.

"That belongs to me," put in my sister. The bushwhacker swore at her and handed her the gold-piece. Then, after cursing my father, and telling him to have more money about when they came again, Sol and his men left.

A member of the 122d, Will Estas, I think, made of the gold-piece a finger ring, which my sister wears to this day.

Another time Sol Street started out to kill two farmers, but failed to find them. This angered the terror, and in a spirit of revenge he went to a field where two boys were plowing (sons of the farmers Sol had intended to murder), and taking a pair of lines off the harness, hung the two lads to a tree, leaving them to die.

On another occasion Sol and his rebel cut-throat started out to capture a man, thinking he would surely find his intended victim at home, for the reason that the man's child lay a corpse. When Sol arrived at the man's house, however, the husband was not at home. Sol told the mother that if she did not divulge the whereabouts of her husband, his men would drag her dead child around the house by the heels. The woman refused to disclose her spouse's hiding place, and the brutes executed their threat; but the mother remained firm, leaving the child's infirmed to the bushwhackers where her husband was hidden they would kill him. For once Sol was baffled.

Again the "gang" visited a lady's house, and it happened she had just finished weaving a piece of cloth, of which she intended to make clothing for her needy children. Sol. Street ordered his men to "bring along that cloth." The poor woman grabbed one end of the piece of cloth and a bushwhacker the other. The lady clung to the cloth for dear life, and would not let go her hold. With an oath, one of the men blurted out: "I can make her let go," and taking a shovelful of hot coals from the fire, threw them into the face of the mother's baby, which was lying in its cradle. Of course the distracted mother quickly dropped the cloth to care for her suffering babe, and Sol's men bore away their plunder in triumph. It makes my blood boil when I muse over the atrocities this fiend and his followers committed during war time.

I could kill a man for $5 without compunction.

At one time Sol Street and his gang of murderers were quartered at the home of Dr. Meeley, a relative of mine. A company of engineers had been sent to Porter's creek trestle, to rebuild portions of it that Sol had burned. Sol gave chase to one of the engineering party, but the pursued managed to escape. In the meantime, however, he kept his eye on slick Sol's movements and discovered his rendezvous. The engineer immediately informed his comrades, and a lot of the Yanks proceeded to Dr. Neeley's and quietly surrounded the house before Sol and his henchmen knew what was transpiring. Then the besiegers opened up and the fun began. Sol rushed out of the building at break-neck speed, clothed in white, and the bullets whizzing about him like bees. Luckily for him he was not hit, and escaped unhurt. He left behind him, however, his gang of followers, dead, dying or wounded, and the doctor's house in flames.

Another of Sol's bloody deeds which I recall, occurred at the home of Bob Rose. My brother and two of his comrades, one of them being Rose, went out from their camp to visit their homes and families. While the boys were at Rose's, Bob stepped out doors to eat a piece of pie which Mrs. Rose had given him. He was in the midst of this occupation when Sol happening along, dashed up and without a word shot Rose dead on the spot. My brother, E. Parks, who was standing beside a clump of bushes, dropped flat on the ground, and Sol did not see him. The other comrade, McCommons, leaped out of the door and started across an adjoining field, with some of Sol's men after him. He did some tall running, and eluded the bushwhackers. My brother and Mac ran to Bolivar, fifteen miles distant, where the Yankees were encamped.

One of our neighbors at that time, named Garland, was staying at Bolivar, with the Yankees. Meantime his family all became ill, and Garland slipped out of camp one night to come to see them. While he was there Sol Street came along, one night, awakened Garland, and made him mount a horse behind one of Sol's men, telling Garland they were going to take him down South. Instead, the outlaws took the unfortunate man about one-fourth of a mile from home, ordered him to dismount, and when he turned toward Sol, that man of many crimes deliberately shot him, three bullets piercing his head. The bushwhackers left him and rode away, and the next day my father and other neighbors went to the scene, dug a grave and buried Garland. The recollections of those days, when we had to hide or be killed by such outlaws as Sol Street, are anything but pleasant.—S. PARKS.

Dublin Depot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Incidents of the fearful struggle of nearly thirty years ago, are yet freighted with interest. Generations will come and go, yet something new and thrilling will be constantly drawn from the great contest, on the result of which hung the fate of the mightiest republic of earth.

"Honest Uncle Abe," who then held the highest office in the gift of the people, had early in the spring of 1864 called Gen. Grant from the Southwest and placed him at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and given him unlimited military sway over all the armies in the field, and the privilege of drawing upon the entire North for every able-bodied man, and for the bottom dollar for the army's maintenance. The new commander-in-chief had said that the Army of the Potomac and the Southwest "had worked like a balky team;" and now these mighty forces were to be hurled simultaneously and like an avalanche upon the strongholds of the enemy. Under this new military *regime* every department commander in the South was ordered to move on the morning of May 3, 1864. At the time appointed the best drilled and equipped army the world ever saw was in motion, bound for Richmond, from its bivouac on the Rapidan, and drew the encomium from Lee that "the Army of the Potomac now has a general at its head, and we have a contract on our hands."

Uucle Billy Sherman's veterans and "Pap" Thomas's host of heroes were en route for Atlanta, and Sigel and Crook, from the Shenandoah and Kanawha, were marching on Lynchburg and the Virginia & Tennessee railroad. The force under Gen. Crook did not number more than 8,000 men, ye it was to figure as a potent and prominent factor in severing the enemy's lines of communication between Richmond and Knoxville, by burning the railroad bridge spanning New river, and destroying the army supplies stored at Dublin Depot. Gen. Crook moved his army with such celerity that on the morning of May 9 it was hotly contested with the Confederate force, estimated to be fully 5,000 strong, under Gen. Jenkins, and entrenched on the heights of Cloyd mountain, a position made so strong by nature and art as to be deemed almost impregnable.

"Here is a gold dollar," said one of the robbers.

That day preceding the battle a forced march of 24 miles had been made, to intercept two Confederate regiments en route to reinforce the troops entrenched on the mountain, but the head of the column arrived at Shannon's cross-roads only in time to skirmish with the rebel rear guard. At this point a telegraph office belonging to the Johnnies had been seized, an operator was placed at the battery, and a spirited exchange of messages was commenced. In reply to the telegram, "How many Yankees are camped at Shannon's cross-roads?" was wired back, "Enough to whip all the rebels on Cloyd mountain!" At 4 o'clock next morning the advance guard had scarcely passed the outpost, when the skirmishing became hot and heavy. And by 9 o'clock Crook's entire force had reached the summit of a high mountain; and about two miles beyond this was the entrenched position of the foe. The rebel lines could plainly be seen moving to positions assigned them in the rifle pits. A brass cannon was drawn out in front of the Confederate earthworks, and played on the Federal vanguard, but was soon forced back into the entrenchments. To the 2d Brig. of Crook's Div., composed of the 12th O. and 91st O., 9th W. Va. Vols. Infty., was assigned the task of flanking the rebel position. For an hour or more this brigade filed through a ravine, and at length reached the right wing of the Confederates. The ground was unfavorable for a good alignment. The rebel chieftain, quick to profit by this disadvantage, threw his entire force of that wing on the head of the column. The rebels swarmed over their entrenchments, maddened and crazed by whisky and gunpowder (which had been served out that morning), and the 12th O. and 14th Virginia troops were thrown into confusion. The 9th Va. and 91st O. were hurried up on the double quick, the 9th first filling the breach, and in 15 minutes 450 of that gallant regiment were killed and wounded; and yet it stood like a stone wall. The 91st O. regiment joined on to the left of the 8th, and being ordered to lie down, reserved its fire until the whites of the eyes and buttons of the coats of the oncoming Johnnies could be seen, when they opened with a volley and rushed upon the enemy with their bayonets. It was an inspiring scene. The 12th O. and the 14th Va. rallied and came nobly to the rescue, and pursuing and pursued went over the rebel works almost together. The rebel gunners in their works stood by their pieces until they almost frowned and flashed in the faces of the invaders, who had come more than a hundred miles to get them. Beyond, on the mountain top, were the fleeing fugitives, running for their lives. Far over on the right a long line of blue coats behind a rail fence were accelerating the speed of those who were off for Dixie. More than fifteen hundred men laid down their lives during this frightful carnage, which covered a period of but little more than 45 minutes from its full inception. The rebel commander had said that he would whip the Yankees that day or he would never fight them again. And in less than three hours from the time that he had used the expression, he was slain in front of our brigade, while gallantly striving to rally his men. The object of the expedition was accomplished in the capture and destruction of rebel stores at Dublin Depot, four miles beyond the mountain top, and the following day of the great railroad bridge across Hero river, eight miles further west. This structure was defended for an hour or two by the enemy on the opposite side of the river, in which there was an artillery duel on a grand scale. To Capt. A. D. Crossland, of Jackson, O., belongs the honor of setting this bridge on fire. With blazing fagots in hand, and under a heavy fire from the skirmishers and in imminent hazard of his life, he "touched her off" and "let her go, Gallaher." The soldiers of the Ninety-first Ohio have always been proud to recognize him as being one of the few "fighting quartermasters."—J. H. PRATHER, Co. E, 91st O. V. I.

Fort Spanish and Mobile.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—For years I have been watching the CAMP FIRE column, hoping to see something from members of the 50th Ind., 49th Iowa or 91st Ills., in regard to the fight at Fort Spanish and capture of Mobile. I remember well the day we attacked the rebs. It was March 27, 1865. We lay flat down upon the ground while the skirmishers were in front, and the shot and shell were flying over and among us. In the afternoon they ran a battery up to the right of our regiment and unlimbered and commenced pouring the shot into the Johnnies. It seemed that every shot fairly shook the earth. After they had been there a short time Gen. Granger came riding along in front of us, with a white linen coat on, and got down off his horse and fired the cannon several rounds. We stayed with them until the night of March 9, when we took them in. We then went from there to Fort Blakely, to help Gen. Steel, but we arrived too late. Then we pulled out for Mobile, and found it evacuated. Wake up, "boys," and let us know where you are.—JOHN ABRAM, Co. D, 50th Ind. V. V. I.

We do not know why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so useful in those simple but varied conditions which you know as "having a cough." We cannot explain it; we only know the fact from experience.

It may be due to the combination of tonic effects of cod-liver oil and the hypophosphites; it may be partly due to the glycerine. There are many effects in medical practice the causes of which appear to be plain, but how those causes produce those effects we do not know at all.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 45

—When you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

COAL BY PIPE LINE.

A Steam Company's Scheme to get Cheap Fuel from Ohio.

The New York Steam company is arranging to grind coal in the Connellsville coke regions to a powder, which will be mixed with a sufficient quantity of water to transform it into a liquid.

It is then proposed to build a pipe line to New York, where the liquid will be received in immense tanks, dried, pressed into bricks and used for fuel.

It will be forced through the pipes at the rate of five miles per hour. The company has the whole process, on a small scale, in successful operation in New York.

Boston's New Fad.

Boston has a new fad. At the Museum of Arts two statues, one of Hermes of Praxiteles, the other the Venus Genatrix, both colored in the manner of the ancient Greek statues, are displayed. The statues are in the color of nature, and the critics are enthusiastic as to their beauty. The artist is Joseph Linden Smith.

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DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sunday School.

The Prayer of the Penitent.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1892.

Golden Text—Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psa. 51: 10.

LESSON TEXT.

(Psa. 51: 1-13.)

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.
4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
5. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.
13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness (v. 1). Mercy, not justice, is the longing of the conscious sinner. God's loving kindness, not God's exactness in rendering to every man his due, is the sinner's hope. Imagine a man crying out to the Almighty, "Give me strict justice, O God, according to thy sense of right and my desert." Yet how prone we all are to console ourselves with the thought that we are not quite as bad as some others, and to suppose that if we were such sinners as they are, we should be afraid of God's dealings with us! What prompts such thinking, if it be not the thought that our hope does not rest wholly on God's love and mercy? Until we can pray with all earnestness, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness," we cannot pray acceptably.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned (v. 4). Sin, strictly speaking, has its force only in relation to the law of God. If there were no God, there could be no sin. Hence all sin is primarily sin against God. In sinning against God, we may grievously wrong our fellowman, but the sin itself, as sin, is against God only. The same truth is operative in the realm of human government. All crime is crime against the government alone. A man who commits murder or arson or robbery can be tried only in the name of the government, and for his crime against the government. He who is most deeply wronged by another cannot prosecute in his own name the guilty man for his sin. He can bring a civil suit against the wrong-doer for personal damages; but a criminal suit must be brought in the name of the government alone. The failure to recognize this truth is a chief cause of error in the popular estimation of sin and guilt. Many seem to suppose that the measure of their wrong-doing depends on the harm wrought by them against their fellows, when in reality their chief sins, their only sins, are against God. The true idea of the brotherhood of man rests on the idea of the fatherhood of God; and any wrong against our brother man has its chief objectionableness in that it is a sin against God.

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts (v. 6). Not what other people think we are, but what God knows us to be, is the true measure of our character. Not what we are supposed to be by our best friends, or by the members of our own family, but as we are in our hearts of hearts, is what God passes judgment upon. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh on the heart." Only when we can say to God in all sincerity, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that we love thee," are we the loving children of God.

Hide thy face from my sins (v. 9). Not, "Hide thy face from me;" but, "Hide thy face from my sins." There is all the difference in the world between these two requests, even in the sphere of human friendship. When we love truly, we keep our face toward the loved one, while we hide our face, instinctively, from his faults and failures. And, in our consciousness of lack and misdoing, we long for our best friend to hide his face from our defects, while he keeps his face ever toward us personally. And as we love and long to be loved at the best, God may be depended on to love us, and yet more and more.

Cast me not away from thy presence (v. 11). No thought is so terrible to the loving heart as that of being cast out of the mind of the one loved most dearly. The "presence" is not bodily presence, but mental and spiritual presence. Friends may be in each other's presence more truly, while the one is in Arabia and the other in America, than while seeing each other daily—in unconeniality or estrangement. "Friends, though absent, are still present," says Cicero; or, as Dryden expresses it:

"The sons of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far."

But the heart-cry of one who loves is, to the loved one, "Shut me not out from the presence of your thoughts." This prayer does not always find an answer in human friendship, but it never fails of response as it goes out toward the Friend of friends.

Then will I teach transgressors thy way (v. 13.) No man can teach what he doesn't know. No man can lead where he does n't go. No man really understands the value of that which he never had. It is he who knows the joy of forgiveness who can teach its blessedness to the lost. It is he who walks in God's way who can lead another there. It is he who has salvation who appreciates its preciousness. If you want to teach, you must first be taught. If you want to lead in the walk of life, you must walk therein yourself. If you would have others know how good it is to trust the Lord, you must know it yourself, to begin with. This putting of those who are not Christians to be teachers of those who are just like Christ sets, is not the best but setting the blind to lead the blind. Both parties are more likely to land in the ditch, than to find their way out of a wrong road into a right one. This trying to get transgressors to forsake their ways for God's way, while you are walking on before them to destruction, is as hopeless as it is foolish. Your example in a course which you do understand is a great deal more powerful than your words about a subject of which you are ignorant. Put your own trust in Jesus as a Savior; rest upon him for salvation; find joy in his service; then you can teach transgressors his ways, and be the means of converting sinners unto him.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

Presidential Year Dates.

On the 8th of November next "electors" will be chosen in each state. The electors will meet at the capitals of their respective states on Thursday, January 10, 1893, and vote for a President and a Vice President; the electoral votes will be counted by Congress on Wednesday, February 8, and the new President will be inaugurated on Saturday, March 4.—[Youth's Companion.

"Hands Off."

"Well, Bobbie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?"

"Oh, yes, I remember lots of them."

"And can you tell me what they were called?"

"Yes, most of them were called 'Hands off.'"

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pleasant and profitable work send us your address. Act quickly. The business is easy to learn and our instructions are so profuse and plain that all persons with or without experience succeed from the start if they go ahead as we direct. Ladies earn as much as men. Boys and girls make good pay. No risk whatever. Capital unnecessary. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. A trial will cost you nothing. Make a start.

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THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT

Will be a Marvelous Feature of the World's Fair.

Secretary Rusk, of the government department of Agriculture, is preparing what is certain to be pronounced a marvelous agricultural exhibit. It will be at once a striking demonstration of the broad scope and efficient work of the department of which he is the head, and a school of instruction for all who are interested in agricultural matters.

It will include full illustrations of various insect depredations, a mammoth globe representing graphically the history of pleuro-pneumonia and its remarkable extermination in America; a model of the famous Death Valley, with its strange fauna and flora; and a working set of a modern weather station's outfit. Under the immediate supervision of Expert Hubbard the most complete and comprehensive collection of grains ever made is being prepared, with the cooperation of the farmers in this country and in foreign ports.

Samples of wheat grown in every county in the United States will be shown. Grains from Peace river in northern Canada, to Patagonia; from Russia to India, will be in the collection; every seed picked by hand and the varieties arranged in tasteful glass compartments with labels indicating the name, place, weight and effects of the soil and climatic conditions. There are now collected 2,000 samples of wheat, 1,000 of oats, 5,000 of rye, 3,000 of barley, 900 of buckwheat, 1,500 of corn (besides the exhibit of corn in the ear) and proportionate numbers of the various other grains and garden products. An effort is being made to secure from Egypt one of the original father wheat plants.

The Clergyman's Hopes.

With happy eyes the clergyman
The village maiden sees,
And smiling sees her flirt and dreams
Of future marriage fees.
—[Comic.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease, Consumption, DON'T FAIL to use it. 25c., 50c. and $1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sample lot of envelopes with your address printed on. Send 2c. stamp. Schaff, Printer, Chambersburg, Pa.

IF you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce st., N. Y.

FREE to boys and girls under 18. A Safety Bicycle on very easy conditions. WESTERN PEARL CO., 308 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The addresses of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on the same before June 22, 1874. W. E. Moses, P. O. Box 1955, Denver, Colorado

CONSUMPTION, I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1892.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 110,000.

Pulverize Free Trade!

The Blade Now Proposes to Attack the Free Trade Position, and to Carry it By Storm.

The situation as to the issues which will be dominant in the Presidential campaign this year has been much changed by the shelving of the Bland silver bill.

Up to that day, the outlook was that the coinage issue would be the supreme one, and the tariff relatively unimportant.

The refusal of the Democratic majority of the House to bring the Bland bill to a vote, sends silver to the rear, and brings the tariff once more to the front as the main issue.

Coincident with this, the tide has turned in favor of CLEVELAND for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Hence, the indications point strongly to a repetition of the battle of 1888—with HARRISON and CLEVELAND the candidates, and tariff the issue. The Presidency will be fought on the tariff—the Congressional battle, in many districts, on the coinage issue.

Will the people's verdict be the same as in 1888? If the Republicans of the nation do their duty, yes. That duty is, to meet and refute the free trade falsehoods which are spread broadcast all over the country.

To aid in this good work, THE BLADE proposes to attack the free trade theorists in their own stronghold. Instead of defending and explaining the protective system, we propose to carry the enemy's works by storm.

We ask all BLADE readers, therefore, to send us any free trade claims which they find it difficult to answer. Do this *at once*. We shall answer them in a series of articles entitled

"FREE TRADE FALLACIES,"

Which we shall make short, sharp and unanswerable. The series will be a regular Gatling gun against the free trade theory. All protective argument, so far, has been designed to show the advantages of protection; we now propose to show the sham, the hypocrisy, the hollowness of, the entire free trade position. It will be, in fact, the first time in the United States that the free trade fallacy is shown up in its true colors.

To make the series as valuable and complete as possible, send us *every free trade claim* which you find it impossible to answer fully and clearly, and do it immediately. Address your letter "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Tariff Editor." We wish to begin this series in the issue of the Weekly BLADE of

MAY 5,

At which time many campaign subscriptions will begin. Tell your Democratic friends that they can not afford to miss this series of articles, which will pulverize their free trade theories!

Campaign Committees.—Republican campaign clubs and committees are now forming. We want the list of officers of each, and their addresses, as promptly as possible. THE BLADE is the only Republican weekly newspaper in the United States which is edited for the benefit of the people of every state and section. It is as valuable and interesting to a voter in Maine as in Missouri—in Montana as in Ohio.

Campaign Terms.—Send at once for our terms for the great Presidential campaign now opening. There is no surer way of making Republican votes than by having THE BLADE extensively circulated among the people.

A SHALLOW EVASION.

The New York *World*, in all it has said about the Rhode Island election, has been consistently disingenuous, not to use any harsher term. In its Saturday issue it repeats the same old unfair and misleading statement:

The result of the election, though a disappointment, was not discreditable. The Democrats gained 1,753 over their vote in April, 1888, while the Republicans gained only 6,722. They polled 5,000 more votes for Wardwell than the Republicans ever cast in the state before this year. They cut down the Republican majority of four years ago 1,8[illegible].

This is only part of the truth. The *World* fails to state that the Presidential election of 1888 was the last one under the old restriction of suffrage in Rhode Island. Up to that time her constitution had contained a provision restricting the right to vote to native-born citizens and foreigners owning a certain amount of property in the state. Then, however, the constitution was amended, and suffrage extended to all naturalized citizens.

This added to the total number of voters, and increased the Democratic vote. That year the Democratic plurality over the Republicans was 4,419; in 1890 it dropped to 1,500; in 1891 it went down to 1,254; and this year the Republicans carry the state, not only by a plurality over the Democrats, but by a majority over all. Therefore, the Republican vote shows a steady gain. The *World's* little subterfuge can not break the force of the facts with intelligent voters.

THE matter of the "investigation" of the Census office is not panning out very well for the Democrats. The Democratic leaders came to the conclusion that a real investigation would show the eleventh census to be as trustworthy as any of its predecessors, and therefore that the matter should be dropped. So, instead of the resolution being referred to a special committee, it was sent to the committee on the Census. That body has practically decided that there is nothing more to investigate, and is giving its time to discussing the plan for a permanent Census bureau. There is much bitterness among the Democrats over this failure to make any capital out of the Census matter, but they can't go back on their own leaders.

THE Cleveland delegations to the Chicago convention are all from Republican states. This fact is being used for all it is worth by HILL, PALMER and the other fellows who think they are candidates for the nomination.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Some Queries Answered.

HAMPSHIRE, ILL.—Explain the 7th point you lay down in the first number of your articles on "The Silver Question" which states: "That the basis of any sound monetary system for any country must be full-weight coin (coin whose market value in bullion is as great as its face value.)" Now, there is only about 70 cents' worth of bullion in every silver dollar. The puzzling question to many is, why does the government only put 70 cents worth of bullion in it? Why are they not full weight—that is, a dollar's worth of silver in a dollar?

The reason was this: The great fall in silver now going on began about 1873, and has been continuous ever since. The agitation for the coinage of the silver dollar began, and resulted in the passage of the Bland law of 1878. The opposition to that law was, not against silver money *per se*, but against the coinage of a dollar that did not contain a dollar's worth of silver. The silver men claimed that the price of silver would rise to its old value, $1.29.29 per ounce, if that bill passed; the howl for "the dollar of the fathers" was begun, and Congress yielded. Silver declined instead of rising in price, as every person who understood the real situation knew it would. The only thing that kept us from going to the silver standard was the limitation of the coinage to $2,000,000 per month. The clause requiring the coinage of at least that much of silver per month was repealed by the silver law of 1890. Congress was wrong in 1878 in authorizing the coinage of a light-weight dollar.

HINESVILLE, O.—As the whole controversy on the money question is as to the manner of fixing the value of the unit, and as it is this value that affects the welfare of the common people a great deal more than the amount of money in circulation, will you kindly explain how the present value of the unit is fixed and maintained?

The value of the American dollar was fixed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON in his report to Congress, which was adopted by that body and put into operation in 1792. HAMILTON said that "the unit in the coins of the United States ought to correspond with 24¾ grains of pure gold and with 371¼ grains of pure silver, each answering to a dollar in the money of account." This was the result of an exhaustive study he had made of the subject. In 1834 the ratio was changed to 1 to 16, and the gold dollar reduced to its present weight of pure metal. By the act of 1873 the silver dollar was discontinued, and the unit declared to be the gold dollar. The act of 1878 revived the silver dollar, thus enacting into law the absurdity that a dollar is either 23.22 grains of pure gold, or 371.25 grains of silver—the latter representing now less than 70 per cent of the actual value of the former.

SHAW'-KAN.—You use the terms "honest money," or "honest dollar," in your paper. Please explain what you mean by those terms; and if there is such a thing as a dishonest dollar or dishonest money, please explain what it is.

An "honest" dollar, if coin, is one that contains a dollar's worth of value, in gold or silver, as the case may be. An "honest" paper dollar is one that promises to pay an honest dollar in coin. A "dishonest" dollar is one that does not contain its face value in metal; for example, the present silver dollar.

LOGANSPORT, IND.—(1) Why does a silver dollar buy as much as a gold one? (2) Why don't silver drive gold out now? (3) Hasn't England a paper money that is never to be redeemed? (4) Why don't England "dump" a little silver now under our partial free coinage?

(1) See §§ 6 and 10 of this series. (2) No. Her statesmen are too well acquainted with finance to indulge in such foolishness. (3) She would, if a free coinage bill should become a law.

RUSSELL, KAN.—I saw recently a $10 U. S. gold coin, to all outward appearance genuine, with the government stamp perfect; but the coin had been drilled out and refilled with lead or other base metal. Question: Did the undisturbed perfect stamp of the government on the outside of the coin retain its original value, and could the holder compel the bank which rejected it to accept it as legal tender?

Certainly not. It is not a legal tender, and no one could be compelled to accept it. The "government stamp" does not have the miraculous effect the silver men attribute to it!

LAMONI, IOWA.—(1) Why not decrease the amount of gold in a gold dollar, so it shall equal in value a standard silver dollar? (2) Is not the depreciated value of silver due solely to the legislation of this and other governments adverse to silver? (3) When, if ever, was gold made by law of the United States, the sole standard or measure of values? (4) If the face value of silver must exactly equal its bullion value (in gold), is it not worthless as money or a circulating medium?

(1) Because that would be absolute theft. We are at the gold standard now. All obligations—wages, etc.,—are payable in gold value. To do what you propose would be to diminish the dollar in purchasing power, and the workingmen, pensioners, people who have money in savings banks, people who hold life or fire insurance policies, etc., would all be robbed of at least 30 per cent. of the purchasing power of these amounts. (2) No; see § 13 of this series. Even if it was as your question implies, the action of the United States alone could not bring silver up to its old price. (3) Yes; by the coinage law of 1873. (4) Not worthless, but it opens the way to financial disaster. A decaying foundation under your house is not worthless; but there is danger of its giving way and toppling the house over.

SASSAFRAS, KY.—If we had free coinage under present conditions, would not there be a fluctuation and a corresponding depreciation in the purchasing power of the silver dollar and the subsidiary coins?

Yes. See §§ 6 and 10 of this series.

SHELBY, NEB.—(1) You say the reason silver is getting cheaper, is because its production, as compared with that of gold, has so greatly increased. In Chambers' Encyclopedia I find a statement that "The production of silver is not at all keeping pace with the new discoveries of gold." Please reconcile these statements. (2) In 1886 and 1887 THE BLADE had a series of articles on the silver question, insisting that the size of the silver dollar should be increased and prophesying that gold would very soon go to a premium if the rate of coinage of silver dollars of "light weight" was kept up. The rate was kept up, and still continues in the form of treasury notes, yet gold is not yet at a premium and no prospect of such an event unless a free coinage bill is passed.

(1) We do not find the statement; but what we meant was that the production of silver is far ahead of its use; the supply is greater than the demand; hence, the price goes steadily down. See §13 of this series, in last week's BLADE. (2) We do not recall the article. The drift was certainly steadily in that direction. The rate does not continue. The *compulsory* coinage of the silver dollar was stopped by the silver law of 1890; and the secretary of the Treasury can coin what he may need, but no more.

THREE admirable documents have just been issued by the American Protective Tariff League, No. 10, "Farm and the Tariff," is a complete revision of an article which proved very popular in 1888. No. 53 is entitled "Free Trade England and Protective United States." No. 54 embraces the report of the minority of the Ways and Means committee on the bills to put wool, binding twine and cotton bagging on the free list. The document publications of the league now embrace 54 numbers, all of which will be sent to any address for 50 cents. Address WILBUR F. WAKEMAN, general secretary, 135 West Twenty-third street, New York.

GREAT BRITAIN is a free trade country, but her revenue from duties on the few imported articles subject thereto is no small item in her annual budget. Last year the total of duties collected was £19,736,000, or about $98,680,000.

MR. BLAINE denies, through the Associated Press, the story that he is going through a course of physical training laid down by MULDOON, the wrestler.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, PROTECTIONIST.

Though THOMAS JEFFERSON is proudly claimed by the Democrats of today as the "father of the Democratic party," nothing is more certain than that, were he to return to earth, he would spurn the present Democratic party for having proved recreant to the principles he held. JEFFERSON was a protectionist—as pronounced a one as is Governor MCKINLEY. The *American Economist* has done the people a good turn in collating a number of his protectionist utterances, which show that the Jeffersonian doctrine had nothing in common with the "tariff reformers" of to-day. The following sentences, from his letter to BENJAMIN AUSTIN, might well be part of a Republican argument for protection just now:

To be independent for the comforts of life we must fabricate them ourselves.

We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist.

The grand inquiry now is, shall we make our own comforts or go without them at the will of a foreign nation?

He, therefore, who is now against domestic manufactures must be for reducing us either to a dependence on that (foreign) nation, or to be clothed in skins, and to live like wild beasts in dens and caverns.

Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort; and if those who quote me as of a different opinion will keep pace with me in purchasing nothing foreign, where an equivalent domestic fabric can be obtained, *without regard to difference of price*, it will not be our fault if we do not have a supply at home equal to our demand, and wrest that weapon of distress from the hand which has so wantonly wielded it.

The free trade howl about the "Chinese wall" of protection was familiar at that day, and JEFFERSON took no stock in it. In a letter to THOMAS LEIPER he said:

I have lately inculcated the encouragement of manufactures to the extent of our own consumption, at least of all articles of which we raise the raw material. On this the Federal papers and meetings have sounded the alarm of Chinese policy, destruction of commerce, etc. . . . But I trust the good sense of our country will see that its greatest prosperity depends on a due balance between agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and not to this protuberant navigation, which has kept us in hot water from the commencement of our government, and is now engaging us in war.

JEFFERSON believed that this country should be industrially independent of all foreign countries, as well as politically independent. In a letter to Governor JAY he wrote:

An equilibrium of agriculture, manufactures and commerce is certainly become essential to our independence. Manufactures, sufficient for our own consumption, of what we raise the raw material—and no more. Commerce sufficient to carry the surplus product of agriculture, beyond our own consumption, to a market for exchanging it for articles we cannot raise—and no more. These are the true limits of manufactures and commerce. To go beyond them is to increase our dependence on foreign nations and our liability to war.

In his second annual message to Congress, President JEFFERSON included protection of our manufactures as one of the landmarks of American policy. He said:

To cultivate peace and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises, to foster our fisheries and nurseries of navigation, and for the nurture of man, and protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances, etc. . . . these, fellow citizens, are the landmarks by which we are to guide ourselves in all our proceedings.

Nor was he afraid of a Treasury surplus. There was one at the time he wrote his sixth annual message to Congress, and he did not, like CLEVELAND under similar circumstances, wail over it. He had the common sense to recommend its expenditure in public improvements—precisely what the last Republican Congress did with what of the surplus remained after paying pensions and regular expenditures. Said JEFFERSON in the message referred to:

The question now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surpluses [i. e., surplus revenue] be appropriated, and the whole surplus of imposts after the entire discharge of the public debt? Shall we suppress the imposts and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufacturers? Patriotism would answer, reserve its continuance and application to the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers.

Jefferson feared the British policy of overwhelming our competition by shipping goods here at a loss, to be regained by higher prices after our manufactures are killed off. In a letter to WILLIAM SIMPSON he said:

I much fear the effects on our infant establishments of the policy avowed by Mr. Brougham (i. e., that in which) British merchants that they ship their products at a sacrifice to America so as to "stifle in the cradle those infant manufactures in the United States." Individual British merchants may lose by the late immense importations, but British commerce and manufactures in the mass will gain by beating down the competition of ours in our own markets.

In his letter accepting membership in the "Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Manufactures," JEFFERSON seems to have dreamed of reciprocity as we now have it in the following paragraph:

The history of the last twenty years (1797-1817) has been a significant lesson for us all to depend for necessaries on ourselves alone; and I hope twenty years more will place the American hemisphere under a system of its own, essentially peaceable and industrious, and not needing to extract its comforts out of the eternal fires raging in the Old World.

THE proof is ample that JEFFERSON held the same principles as the Republican party does to-day regarding the protection of our manufactures, and the building up of a nation producing for itself all the necessaries of life for its people. The free-trade policy of the Democratic party of to-day is directly antagonistic to the doctrines of JEFFERSON. He would be ashamed, were he alive, to be called the parent of the degraded pro-British Democracy of the present time.

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN AND THE BLADE.

The Weekly BLADE will be a very important political paper during the coming Presidential campaign. It will be the great champion of Republicanism, and educator of the people in protection, reciprocity and honest money, in the political battle in which our American industries are threatened and the stability and value of our currency attacked. We propose to make the editorial page of THE BLADE a ready arsenal of facts and arguments, that Republicans may have them at hand to answer Democratic claims, and to strengthen their own confidence in the party which they know to be the safeguard of the nation. In order to give it the circulation its merits demand we

Propose to Make a Price

to agents that will do this. At present we have made special *yearly* terms to Republican

Clubs and Campaign Committees

why may desire to give THE BLADE a wide circulation during the campaign. We will send these special terms, on request, to any committeeman or officer of any Republican club. About May 1 we shall have ready campaign terms for six months' subscribers to the Weekly BLADE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE Meyers voting machine was used on Tuesday in the city election at Lockport, N. Y., with favorable results. It is said to prevent ballot frauds, and counts the vote for each candidate. The result is known within one minute of the closing of the polls. Upon unlocking a door in the rear of the machine, a set of dials is exposed giving the total vote of every candidate or measure voted for. We have no doubt that some machine of the sort will be the method to be ultimately adopted in all intelligent and educated communities.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats favor CLEVELAND as their party's Presidential nominee. Another instance in which he receives the "support" of a state which is dead certain to cast its electoral votes for the Republican ticket.

THE Standard Oil trust is dead, but its spirit is as active as ever.

CONFUSING PROHIBITION EFFORT WITH THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

A subscriber writing from Lorin, California, takes exception to a recent article in which we discussed the impracticability of success by prohibition effort through a separate political party. He says:

I am a Prohibitionist because I believe the "pulverizing of the liquor power" is the most important issue now demanding solution at the hands of the American people, and this is the position, I take it, of those who belong to that party.

On this ground, just as you have aptly expressed in the Republican party parallel, the high tariff and low tariff men, protectionist and free trader, the advocates of the free silver fallacy, should unite on a common platform to overthrow the nation's worst enemy.

His position is this: (1) That the overthrow of the rum power is the most important issue before the people; (2) that all voters should therefore unite for its overthrow; and he implies (3) that this can only be done by a political organization—the so-called Prohibition party.

As to this first point, the great majority of the voters of the country have shown, by their votes, that they *do not* think prohibition the chief issue to be decided at the polls. They persist in putting the tariff issue, the currency issue, and other great political questions foremost. They have been doing it for the past twenty or so, despite all the efforts of the third party. Does not this show that the efforts to create a party on this issue is impracticable? Theoretically, he is all right from his standpoint; but his theory don't work in practice.

But this does not prove that they are devotees of the rum power; for whenever they have had the question of prohibition presented to them at the polls, the vote in its favor has been very large. The greater portion of the South has prohibition through local option, in this way; the Western prohibition states obtained it in this way—not through a political party, but as a measure for the general benefit, through non-partisan means. The prohibition party has never been able to muster enough votes to do anything practical. The conclusion, then, as to point (1) must be, that the masses who favor prohibition do not favor it as a political issue, and will not affiliate with a separate party founded on that issue.

As to the second point, the history of temperance legislation shows that all people who believe prohibition to be the only radical remedy for the evils of the rum traffic do unite, irrespective of party, when the issue is presented to them apart from politics. That is the only way in which prohibition has been reached in any state—never through a separate Prohibition party. And this sufficiently answers the point implied in his letter, given above in (3)—that union can only come by joining the Prohibition party.

Our friend's radical error is in making no distinction between prohibition effort and the Prohibition party. The party has never done anything tangible for the cause; prohibition effort on non-partisan lines has accomplished everything, without exception, which has been done. The great bulk of the friends of prohibition hold themselves aloof from the Prohibition party. What, then, is the use of persisting in the stupid effort to create that party when twenty years of what we agree was sincere, though mistaken, effort has shown its futility?

If the Prohibition party to-day were to disband, give up its skeleton organization, and never nominate another candidate, the prohibition cause would lose no strength. On the contrary, it would gain in the end; for the fact has been proved time and again that the intemperate abuse of their politics by its over-zealous orators and papers has so incensed temperance men in the only two real parties in the country, that the cause of temperance has received injury thereby.

The experiment of creating a party on this issue was begun in all honesty and sincerity; but it is a failure. The twenty years of effort have proved this. It ought to be abandoned. It would be better for the cause if it were. The only line through which success can come is through raising the masses now opposed to prohibition to a higher grade of civilization through proper educational effort, as we have pointed out time and again. But as the hardest thing a man has to do is to confess himself mistaken, we do not look for an abandonment of the effort to create a Prohibition party. It will go on, being really a hindrance to the progress of the cause it professes to support. Time, however, will show that THE BLADE'S position is right—that prohibition will come, not through a separate party, but through the education of the masses up to the point at which the great majority will see the evils of rum and unite, in the same way they unite to obtain laws to build good roads, or a law to erect a bridge, or a law to drain a swamp, or a law to remedy any evil, in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NEW JERSEY IS DOUBTFUL.

The Democrats for several years past have claimed New Jersey as certain to cast its vote for them in Presidential years. The result of the city election in Jersey City (Hudson county) on Tuesday, however, shows that the state this year is in the "very doubtful" column, so far as the Democrats are concerned. Jersey City went Republican by 3,715 votes; and this fact has a most important bearing on the politics of the state.

The Democrats have not carried the state of New Jersey at any election within the past sixteen years unless they could carry Hudson county. Jersey City, as everybody knows, is practically a suburb of New York city; and it is the vote of Jersey City which has made New Jersey Democratic whenever she has been carried by that party. The result of the municipal election shows that there is grave doubt as to whether the Democrats can count on New Jersey, and renders it quite possible that her electoral vote will be cast for the Republican Presidential candidate.

THE national league of Republican clubs has grown to be an enormous organization. There are about 14,000 clubs, with a membership of 1,750,000. Each club is a center of political influence, and their work during this campaign will be felt at the polls next November. Mr. CLARKSON, the President of the League, fitly characterizes these clubs as together constituting "a powerful political force made up of men of the highest character, bringing the scholar, the young business man and the brightest minded young men into active politics."

THE Eau Claire, Wis., Pearl Button club will go to the Minneapolis convention wearing pearl buttons and linen dusters, the manufacture of those articles having been fostered in that city by the new tariff law.

DAVID B. HILL is simply a fading reminiscence as a Presidential quantity.

THE Cleveland boom in New York state is certainly gerrymandered.

THE Cullom boom in Illinois has had a boycott put upon it.

CALVIN S. BRICE as a Presidential quantity? Rats!

A PARTISAN TRICK TO SECURE THE PRESIDENCY.

The Democratic managers are desperate over the revelation of the revival of Republican feeling indexed by the local elections in many of the Northern states this month. They are beginning to despair of being able to succeed in the Presidential contest next November by fair means, and are basing their hopes on fraud. A Washington dispatch declares that the leading New York Democrats in Congress have in contemplation a plan which, if put in execution, will make it unnecessary for the citizens of that state to vote next fall for President.

The scheme is nothing more nor less than to have the Presidential electors chosen by the legislature. The constitution of the United States provides that the Presidential electors shall be chosen after the manner prescribed by the state legislature. The almost universal manner at present is to choose electors by a vote of the entire state. Michigan Democrats attempt to do their share of unfair work by providing for their election by Congressional districts. The New York Democrats propose to go them one better, and have the present legislature choose them.

Such a plan would insure the election of Democratic electors, and if other states followed suit the Democrats of the country would win to a dead moral certainty, so the New Yorkers argue. They have consulted high legal authorities, all of whom have assured them that though their plan is calculated to startle the public, it is undoubtedly constitutional. Moreover it is not without precedent, as South Carolina before the war chose its electors in that way, and the plan was not questioned. The plotters have made unusual efforts to keep their plan a secret. But it was too big for one of them to hold. He had to leak or burst; so, like a man who loves life, he leaked.

The plan is constitutional; but that by no means proves it to be just. On the contrary, the Michigan plan, and the discussion of this New York idea of having Presidential electors chosen by the legislature, sharply call public attention to a defect in the nation's organic law. This defect is, in not prescribing one method of choosing Presidential electors. We should not object to the plan of choosing them by districts, if all the states followed that method; nor would there be any injustice in having the state legislatures choose them, if all were thus chosen. The injustice and unfairness is in changing to one or the other of these methods as a mere partisan trick, to obtain electoral votes which could not be depended upon without it.

President HARRISON, it will be remembered, called attention strongly to this injustice in his last annual message. It is not too much to say, that the greatest peril that can come to our form of free government is that to which it is exposed through a disputed Presidential election. We were on the brink of a civil war in the spring of 1877 from this cause, and an election carried by trick this year would put the nation again in peril. There should go up a protest from all patriotic citizens against the adoption of any scheme, whether allowed by the constitution or not, which is unfair to either party; and the defect in the federal constitution should be remedied as promptly as it can be done.

OUR NEW INDUSTRY.

The secretary of the Home Market club of Boston, Mr. ALBERT CLARKE, has been gathering statistics of the output of American tin plate works. Those factories now in operation manufacture 40,000 boxes of tin-plate weekly—this including 150 boxes a day from the famous works at Piqua, Ohio, which the Democrats tried to declare didn't exist, during last fall's campaign between MCKINLEY and CAMPBELL. They are in existence, however, and have been steadily running. There are works now building which will give an additional 10,000 boxes weekly. These 50,000 boxes are more than two-fifths of the amount the United States consumes; and the rapid establishment of this new industry is wonderful, considering the desperate efforts made by the Democrats to destroy it.

Some time ago, when the output of American tin-plate was only one-sixth of our requirements, *Iron*, an English trade journal, published in London, said editorially of our new industry:

If the statistics given are correct—and we have no reason to doubt their correctness—one-sixth of the American consumption provided for in the short space of a year is no mean record in a practically new industry; and it may ultimately prove, although we reserve our opinion on this point, that the United States will be in a position to dispense with the English article.

The output of American tin is already large enough to compete sharply with the English product and bring the price down. According to Mr. CLARKE, the prices in New York of I C coke tin plates was 10 cents a box less in December than they were one year previous. During 1890, the highest price paid in Liverpool was $4.20 a box; during 1891, the highest price was only $3.04—a reduction of $1.16 a box by the foreign manufacturer, or within thirteen cents of the duty under the new law. The point is clear that the foreign manufacturer in this case pays all the duty except 13 cents per box. It is also shown by Mr. CLARKE that some 48,000 persons are employed, directly and indirectly, in the new tin plate industry in the United States—an item that is well worth considering. Besides that, we are keeping $20,000,000 a year at home that formerly went abroad to buy foreign tin.

IN his letter to an admirer at Chattanooga written since the Rhode Island campaign, CLEVELAND coyly says:

I should not be frank if I did not say to you that I often fear that I do not deserve all the kind things such friends as you say of me, and I have frequent misgivings as to the wisdom of again inviting me to nomination.

Well, if GROVER has such a misgiving why doesn't he pull out of the race? Why pose longer as the Perpetual Candidate? And if he feels such an intense obligation to be frank, why didn't he define himself on the free silver issue in the Rhode Island campaign, instead of answering inquirers "I have nothing to say," like a sarcotic dervish?

RUSSIA is preparing to largely increase her navy. She proposes to construct twenty-two new war vessels within the next four years, as follows:

Three ironclads, each of 11,000 tons displacement, to cost $8,133,550; one armored cruiser, 10,940 tons, $4,824,886; two armored cost defense vessels, 4,000 tons; two torpedo cruisers, $625,000; one torpedo gun vessel, $225,000; one dispatch vessel, $1,125,000; one dispatch vessel, $750,000; and ten first-class torpedo boats.

The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting on this, contrasts it thus with the United States:

The Democratic Congress of this country has provided for one vessel, taken soap away from the West Point cadets, and refused education for Indian papooses.

THE great bridge over the Mississippi river at Memphis is nearly completed. The formal opening will occur May 12, but trains will be able to cross before that time. The bridge and its approaches are three miles in length, and the bridge itself is three quarters of a mile long. One of its spans extends 794 feet, making it the third largest in the world. It cost about $3,000,000. May 13 will be a great day in that section.

THE COTTON BAGGING BILL.

We have waited with some interest to see what the leading Democratic papers would say in justification of the bill putting on the free list bagging such as is used to cover cotton bales, steel or iron ties for cotton bales, and cotton gins. We find that those of the North, and especially those of the East, don't propose to say anything about it. They prefer to keep silent; for the Democratic programme is to sing the song of "free raw materials" in the manufacturing sections of the country, and this bill is one that can not be justified on any other basis than that of absolute free trade.

This bill removes all duties on the material which enters into the making of the bagging for covering cotton, and on the hoop or band iron or steel which is manufactured into hoops or ties for purposes of baling. The language of the bill is so broad that it would let in other iron and steel products besides these; but this is immaterial, inasmuch as the bill will not pass the Senate, and is intended simply as a concession to the demands of the South for "recognition" in the series of silly buncombe bills, which can not possibly become laws during the present Congress, but which are brought forward to catch gullible voters under the cowardly tactics of SPRINGER and his associates.

The absurdity of this bill is that it maintains the duty on the raw materials of which the ties and bagging are made, and puts the completed product on the free list. Even a free trader can not have the "gall" to contend that an American manufacturer can compete with a foreign manufacturer under such a state of things. The effect of this bill, should it ever become a law, would be to destroy a well-established manufacturing industry here and transfer it to Great Britain. Even the New York *Times*, mugwump as it is, when the bill was still in committee, made this protest:

The cotton ties now consumed in this country are made here. Cotton ties are no longer imported. The quantity imported in the calendar year 1890 was 33,824,387 pounds. In that year substantially the entire demand was supplied by imports. In the calendar year 1891 the quantity imported was only 416,500 pounds. The demand was supplied by domestic manufacturers. Does the committee think that it can afford to stand upon a policy which provides clearly for the transfer of an American industry to England? Will such a policy command the votes of a majority of the American people?

The bill is a trick, even in its pretense of "relief" to the cotton planters who are in financial troubles in consequence of the low price of cotton. The planter may pay two cents a pound for iron or steel cotton ties, but these ties sell at 6 or 7 cents a pound, as the whole bale, cotton, bagging and ties, sells as cotton at the price of the latter. There is no allowance for tare in this country on baled cotton. The cost of bagging and ties is therefore no burden on the planter, for it is paid by the buyer of the cotton, and at an advanced price. The passage of this bill will hurt instead of helping the Democrats in the coming campaign. Like the free wool bill, it will prove a boomerang.

WE WANT NAMES!

The preparations are beginning for the greatest political battle for the Presidency that we have had since the war era. We shall make THE BLADE invaluable to the Republican cause, and we wish to extend its circulation accordingly. Send us names of people who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them each a free sample copy.

THE PENSION INVESTIGATION.

Some of the points developed in the pension investigation are taken by the pension-haters as indicative of fraud, which are not so. Take the facts shown in the case of SAMUEL R. HERSHEY, the pension attorney. He had been employed by several Representatives to look after pension cases which had been sent to them by applicants who were their constituents. They are deserving of commendation in doing this. HERSHEY used the names of these Representatives in order to have these cases called up and acted upon. He was perfectly right in doing so.

The attitude of the Pension office towards applicants is this: the applicant must furnish the proof demanded by the law. The office examines these proofs and passes upon them. If the applicant's evidence is incomplete at any point, the office notifies him. It is then his duty to furnish, if he can, the wanting evidence. In all this the Pension office acts as a guard over the Treasury, and it is perfectly proper that it should be so.

The one criticism that we have to make on the whole matter is, that, in all pension cases where the evidence called for by the law is complete, the principle of rotation is not rigidly observed in examining them and passing upon their merits. That the influence of Congressmen is potent to get cases acted upon speedily, is clear from the testimony in the Hershey case. This should be stopped. As fast as claims go on the "completed files," each should be given its number, in regular order; and no influence whatever should be allowed to induce the taking up of a claim out of its regular order.

OUR export trade continues to be enormous. The figures for the month of March just past are as follows—not including manufactured goods, gold and silver, and minor exports:

	1892.	1891.
Breadstuffs	$20,072,442	$12,578,120
Provisions	11,823,612	12,304,151
Cattle and hogs	3,674,145	2,999,473
Petroleum	3,151,929	3,400,130
Cotton	18,882,497	21,743,821
Totals	$60,256,625	$52,495,687

These figures show an increase this March over the same month one year ago of about $7,700,000, the losses in the value of the exports of cotton, petroleum and provisions being more than made up by the gains in breadstuffs and cattle and hogs. For the nine months ended with March exports of breadstuffs were valued at $233,159,912, as against $85,252,926 during the corresponding period of the previous year.

THE group of statuary at the western entrance to the Capitol grounds on Pennsylvania avenue, at Washington, known the "Peace monument," has been a galling reminder of defeat to Southern brigadiers ever since they began to return to Congress, and many schemes have been broached to have it transferred to some obscure corner of the city where it will not chafe their supersensitive souls. After years of effort it appears that they are to succeed. The Senate has passed a bill appropriating $75,000 for the foundation and pedestal of a bronze monument to COLUMBUS, to be erected on the site of the Peace monument. The latter should stay where it is. There is plenty of room for COLUMBUS elsewhere.

A LUMINOUS idea of the large scale on which the World's Fair is planned is given in the central steel arch of the Manufactures building, just completed, which is 212 feet high and 375 feet wide at the base.

IT is said the people in JERRY SIMPSON'S district out in Kansas are tired of him, and propose to dump him at the election this fall. A square Republican should be his successor.

FREE TRADE AND WORKINGMEN.

The time is rapidly coming when the toiling millions of Great Britain will rise against the iniquitous free trade system, which sacrifices everything to one idea of cheapness, and insist upon proper protection. The signs are not wanting that the workers there are beginning to realize that the argument for free trade does well for the merchants and capitalists, but not for the working class. A deputation from the Sheffield Federation Trades' council appeared lately before the Royal Labor commission, and gave some surprising facts regarding the once-famous cutlery industry of Sheffield.

Mr. WARDLEY, the treasurer of the council, said that while in 1847 there were 730 men engaged in the branch of trade he represented, at the present time there were only 330, the large decrease being caused by the introduction of cheaper methods of production. The wages, according to his statement, varied from twenty-five shillings to twenty-eight shillings a week, file forgers earning the lower, and pocket blade forgers the higher rate; that is, from $6 to $7 a week for skilled mechanics in the cutlery trade.

Mr. WARDLEY'S evidence also proved another point advanced by protectionists—that in the unending struggle for cheapness not only are wages kept down, but the quality of the manufactured product deteriorates. If an article can be sold cheaper by using inferior material, this is done. Said he:

Formerly the mark "Sheffield" was a sufficient guarantee that the goods were of superior quality. Now it is used on low class goods, made from Bessemer steel, which was often marked as "best cast steel, Sheffield." Besides that the low class manufacturers used a number of names which are not their own, and which they could purchase.

Here is testimony given under oath by a representative English worker. We all know that, under protection, American manufacturers are steadily improving the quality of their products; while the English manufacturers, under the free trade regime, and the increasing competition of the growing manufacturing interests of protected countries, are compelled to not only keep their men on low wages, but turn out goods of an inferior quality. The matter is one that is worthy of careful thought by all American workingmen.

Perfect, Beautiful, Cheap!

These are the Three Merits of the New Blade Sewing Machine—Read What Buyers Say.

The testimonials we are constantly receiving from those who have bought the New Blade Sewing Machine show that all who buy it are pleased. It is found to be equal to any machine now on the market, capable of doing any work that any sewing machine will do, well made, simple in operation, easy to understand, finely finished, and in all respects a first-class machine—and that, too, at a lower price than any other first-class one on the market.

Here are samples of the letters we are receiving from those who have bought and tested the New Blade Sewing Machine:

PAVONIA, O., April 11, 1892.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—The new Blade Sewing Machine sent by you was received all right. We were very much disappointed, the machine is before so much nicer in its finish than we expected. My wife has used a number of the high-priced machines, and says she cannot see but that the Blade Machine is equal to any of them in the completeness of its execution.
W. H. PAINTER.

EAST GREENBUSH, N. Y., April 13, 1892.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—I have fully tested the new Blade Sewing Machine sent me for my club of 30, and am pleased in every particular, to say one desiring a first-class machine at a minimum cost of labor or money.
S. D. STRONG.

OMAHA, ILL., March 21.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—I received Blade Machine, which I ordered from you all right. We are well pleased with it. We think it as good as the Singer and other makes which sell here from $30 to $40. It is in every respect a first-class machine. Thanks for nice machine.
H. H. BROCKETT.

POYNEER, IOWA, April 1.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—I received the Blade Sewing Machine and paper; they were O. K. We think the machine is good in every respect as the machines purchased from agents here at prices ranging from $38 to $50. We must say we are well satisfied with the paper, as it suits my politics.
ELI MASTERS.

Everything about the New Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

Read the offers made in the advertisement on the 5th page, and avail yourself of one or the other to obtain a machine. You will be pleased, and will save money by so doing. We are selling this machine without any prof

Publishers' Desk.

THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

Every reader of THE BLADE is interested in the World's Fair, to be held next year at Chicago; the greater part of them, we believe, will attend; but whether they do or not, everybody is interested in knowing how the great exhibit will look. It covers 700 acres of ground, fronting on Lake Michigan 2½ miles, and 213 acres are under the roofs of the various buildings.

We have obtained the very finest view made of the grounds and buildings. It is taken from a point in the lake, looking in a northwesterly direction, with the city of Chicago in the distance. It shows the buildings exactly as they will be, and in full detail. It is lithographed in a number of colors, and is valuable in itself as a work of art.

It is the largest picture made of the World's Fair, the sheet being 35 by 45 inches; printed on heavy paper, mounted on roller and molding, like a map. It is in all respects a cheap engraving at the price. It is an ornament to any home.

We will send this picture of the World's Fair by mail, postpaid, to any one on receipt of **One Dollar.**

Or, we will send the Weekly BLADE for one year, and a copy of the World's Fair picture, for **$1.50.**

Any present subscriber to THE BLADE who wants the picture should get us a new subscriber at $1, and add 50 cents to it. We will send THE BLADE one year to the new subscriber, and send the World's Fair picture to the person securing him.

Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

HISTORICAL POLITICAL CHART, AND UNITED STATES MAP.

We now offer BLADE readers a novel premium, which is most opportune, in the above Chart. It is invaluable to every one who desires to be informed of the great facts of American political history. We expect to sell a vast number of them during the present campaign.

It gives a complete history, represented graphically to the eye, of the course and variations of American politics from the foundation of our government. Besides this, there is a vast amount of historical and statistical information of the highest importance given on the same side, a detailed list of which will be found in the advertisement elsewhere.

The reverse side of the Chart is occupied by a large and accurate map of the United States, showing the counties, railroads and towns. This work, of itself, would retail for $5. It is useful to young people, interesting to older ones, and valuable to all.

We will send the Chart, securely packed, all charges prepaid, to regular subscribers, for **$1.00.**

To new subscribers, or to old ones in renewal, the Chart and a copy of the Weekly BLADE one year, for **$1.75.**

Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," and contains:

Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

The Caucus System Must Go.

The Ballot a Dangerous Weapon in the Hands of the Machine.

Gerrymandering a Political Crime.

United States Senators Must be Elected by the People.

The Office of Vice President Must be Abolished.

It also contains President Harrison's appeal against the Injustice of the Gerrymander.

It is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for **Six Cents** (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1."

Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system. It should be spread broadcast over the United States, and be in the hands of every intelligent voter, no matter what his political belief.

Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

THE LAST "NASBY" BOOKS.

We have a few left of some of the books of Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby,") which we wish to close out speedily. This is the last chance to obtain them, as they will be out of print when these are gone. They are:

"A Paper City," and

"Abou Ben Adhem."

We will send them, postpaid, by mail, for 25 cents each—former price 50 cents.

Also—We have a few copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth bound, which we will send postpaid at 75 cents each—former price $1.

Also—We will send our picture of John Calvin (until the few left are gone) by mail, prepaid, for **10 cents** each—former price 25 cents.

Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. THE BLADE has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price.

Since we began selling pictures, we have disposed of not less than 100,000 lithographs (we do not deal in them now), and some 40,000 or 50,000 copies of the noted paintings described below:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon is driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris a few months the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Boss. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored Him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Henry, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge in the Cossacks at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for **25 cents.**

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for **One Dollar.**

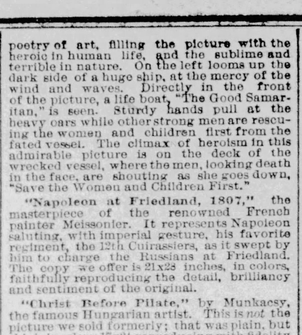
Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for **$1.50.**

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

FROM PAGE TO SENATOR.

Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, a Democratic Magnate.

The senior United States Senator from Maryland, who is often named as a possible candidate for the Presidency, is a native of that state. He was born in March, 1839. His first acquaintance with the Senate was as page, to which office he was appointed in 1852. In 1866, when



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.

he left the service of the Senate, he was acting as postmaster. He held office as collector of internal revenue from 1866 until 1869.

This same year, after being a few years out of public life, he was elected to the Maryland house of delegates. He was re-elected in 1871 and was speaker during the ensuing session. Mr. Gorman was elected president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal company in June, 1872. Three years after he was elected to the Maryland senate, and for a second term of four years in 1879. He took his seat as a United States senator on March 4, 1881. There is no need to add that Gorman is a great man in the councils of the Democratic party,—a shrewd and active leader in underground work.

WET TOWEL AND LIVE WIRE.

A Combination that Surprised Some Men During a Storm.

During a recent rain storm in Salem, Mass., electricity played some queer pranks at Porter's market. On the roof of the building is a clothes line. During the storm a towel blew from this line and lodged upon an electric lighting wire below. Being wet it wound around the wire, and the electricity passed through it and shot down into the ground, where it came in contact with the water pipes leading into the building.

It ran along the pipes and the first thing it enconntered in the basement was a pot of hot lard, which was boiling on the stove. The lard was illuminated, and the young man in charge thought it must be burning. He started to remove it from the stove and received a shock that sent him against the basement walls.

Pale with fright, he rushed upstairs, where a fellow-workman, noting his pallor, reached for the water faucet to get a glass of water. No sooner had he touched the faucet than he had occasion to pick himself up from a far corner of the room.

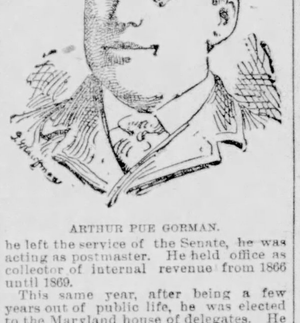
For a few moments everything seemed turned into an electric battery. The nails in the wall became red, electricity flew from the water-pipes and flashed around the handles of the water-pails.

At length some one found the cause of the trouble and the towel was removed.

DR. LUIS SAENZ PENA,

Chosen Chief Magistrate of the Argentine Republic.

The kindly interest felt in this country in our neighbors is encouraged by the result of the election just held in the Argentine Republic. This makes it certain that on October 12, next, his life



PRESIDENT PENA.

being spared, Dr. Luis Saenz Pena, an accomplished and noble man, will be inaugurated president.

He does not look it, but Pena is 68 years old. Tall and well-proportioned, he is also handsome and well-preserved. His is a practised pen and his knowledge of law is profound. As senator, governor and chief justice of the Supreme court he has earned the grateful respect of his fellow-citizens. Pena possesses large private means.

Three Definitions of Woman.

"Woman is a lyre, the sweetness of whose tone depends entirely upon the skill of the player."

"Woman is a creature with long hair and short ideas."

"Woman is to man what the key is to the watch: she winds him up, regulates him and keeps him going."—[N. Y. Herald.

A Thief of Time.

Judge—You are charged with the theft of half a dozen watches. What is your name?

Thief—Procrastination, yer honor.—[Jeweler's Weekly.

Willing to Chip In.

Old Bagley—You couldn't support my daughter, sir. I can hardly do it myself.

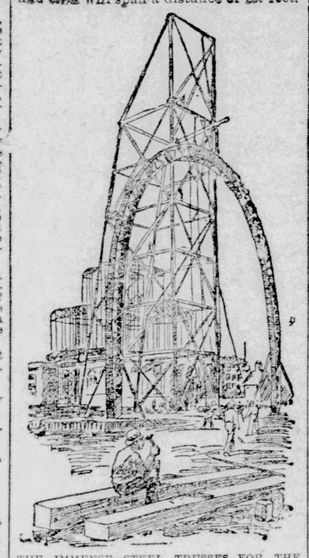
Young Brace—Possibly not, entirely; but every little helps.—[N. Y. Sun.

Spanish American Gold.

More gold has been obtained from Spanish America than any other portion of the world.

Science Causerie.

The steel trusses which are to support the roof of the manufacturers building in the World's Fair grounds will be the largest in the world. There will be 22 trusses, and they will be erected in pairs. Each truss will cover a span of 386 feet, and from the center of the roof inside to the ground there will be a distance of 206 feet. Each truss weighs 200 tons, and 6,000 tons of steel will be used in the roof of the building. Above the trusses supporting the roof will be erected other trusses to support the lantern roof. These trusses will be 96 feet in height and each will span a distance of 150 feet.



THE IMMENSE STEEL TRUSSES FOR THE ROOF OF THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

Span 386 feet; height of arch 206 feet.

In the construction of the derricks 250,000 feet of timber and 43 tons of steel for bracing were used.

The derricks are built in the form of three towers, which support a large swinging platform, the full length of the trusses. This platform is 125 feet above the floor of the building. On top of it is another derrick 90 feet high.

Fastened to the towers are a number of swinging booms or derricks which are used to swing the different pieces of the trusses into place. The derricks rest on three tracks, one for each derrick. As each pair of trusses is raised the derricks are moved 100 feet, bringing them in place to raise the next pair of trusses.

Yesterday afternoon there was much activity about the building, and those who were fortunate enough to gain admission to the ground saw an interesting sight. The distance to the extreme top of the derrick is 225 feet, and the many workmen who were moving to and fro on the top looked like so many insects jumping about. The derricks creaked and swayed under the enormous strain, and as each piece of the truss went up higher and higher the greatness of the undertaking became more apparent.

When the trusses of the Manufactures building are erected the trusses of the Jersey City depot could be placed inside of them and there would be a free space of 50 feet between the top of those trusses and the roof of the Manufactures building.

An idea of the enormous strain these trusses will be subject to may be conceived from the fact that the pins used in fastening the different parts of the trusses together are 8 and 10 inches in diameter.

To date the contractors have shipped 2,000 tons of the steel to be used in the roof, and the order for three weeks ahead of the contract time.

The Manufacture building when completed will cover 32 acres of land and the steel work alone will cost $500,000.

Oxygen as a Curative Agent.

Oxygen has been administered by a British physician, Dr. Aubrey Blakiston, in three unusually severe cases of pneumonia, and one of acute bronchitis. No case was fatal, and he believes that at least two of the lives were saved by the oxygen. He has tried oxygen in three cases of asthma, giving it through an inhaler at the commencement of an attack, with the result that the inspiration almost immediately became longer, and the patients less distressed, while in two cases the paroxysm was cut short by a few inhalations. Convalescents, also, were benefited by oxgyen, especially when used in connection with massage. Dr. Blakiston concludes that oxygen is a remedy of great therapeutic value, not solely confined to the treatment of the respiratory organs, and that in combination with electricity and massage its use must prove, to the convalescent and debilitated constitution, one of the best substitutes for changes, exercise and sea air.

Algol's Dark Sun.

The computations of Mr. S. C. Chandler, the Boston astronomer, have demonstrated that the celebrated variable star Algol, in the constellation Perseus, not only has a dark satellite, but itself revolves around an invisible body, having a diameter far exceeding a million miles. Algol is a star of the second magnitude. But once in about 69 hours its brilliancy undergoes a wonderful cycle of changes—declining in a few hours to that of a fourth magnitude star, remaining as such for twenty minutes, and then beginning to lighten up to its normal radiance. These familiar changes have been satisfactorily explained by the interposition of a satellite.

But for some cause hitherto unknown the period required for Algol to pass through tnsse changes is itself subject to slow but remarkable variations. Mr. Chandler's discovery consists in unmasking this cause. He finds by mathematical calculation that Algol has a motion around another dark body similar to the motion of the earth and moon around the sun. While Algol's dark satellite revolves around it once in 69 hours, it takes the star and its satellite 130 years to revolve around the newly discovered body, which is perhaps to be regarded as the central orb of the Algol system.

Will Man Ever Fly?

Prof. Muybridge, of the University of Pennsylvania, is strongly of the opinion that men will some day learn to fly. "Edison has told me," he says, "that he firmly believes a perfect flying-machine some day will be invented, and that he also believes the wing of a fly is the model upon which that machine will be constructed. Lubbock, and Helmholtz, and Langley, Ray Lankester and Sir William Thompson—a group of names that are probably the most renowned in the scientific circles of to-day—share Mr. Edison's opinion, and unite with him in urging me to make a study of the locomotion of insects upon the same system I adopted in my 'Animal Locomotion.'"

Petroleum for Locomotives.

Many of the locomotives on the Great Western railroad of the Argentine Republic are being fitted up for the use of petroleum. The oil to be used is found at Mendoza, on the line of the road, and can be secured at a cost of about $3 per ton, while the coal now used as fuel is brought from England, and varies in price from $5 to $25 per ton. The company believe that the service will be much benefited by the substitution of petroleum for coal, in more ways than that of simple economy.—[Translated from La Nacion, Buenos Ayres.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

Careful observation and comparisons made by scientific Americans prove that the hottest region on earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where that country borders the gulf of the same name. The thermometer never falls below 100 degrees at night, and frequently runs up to 128 degrees in the afternoon.

Petrified Trees.

A petrified forest has been discovered in Mendocino county, Cal.

A Press of Business.

Now doth the busy little hen
Work overtime each day,
And strive to break the record
With a famous Easter lay.
—[Puck.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST HOTEL.

They All Liked It Immensely, which Fact Made Him Glad.

Here's a steamship tale, says the Boston *Globe*.

Coming across last time there was on board a middle-aged Scotchman, for many years a resident in the states, but who had been a year visiting his relatives in Scotland. He was exasperatingly well informed, too, regarding everything American, as I had ample evidence, but the year he had been away was "all my own." So, after a couple of mild yarns, I started in one night after dinner, not addressing him, of course, but a friend with whom I exchanged a ponderous wink.

"Smithers," quote I, "have you heard of the San Jacinto?"

"No," said he. "What's it like?"

"Why it's that new big hotel out in California," said I. "Dining-room 400 feet long—kitchen ditto—immense distances—waiters all on noiseless roller skates—palatial affairs," I rattled on.

I threw a glance at the Scotchman. He fairly bristled with an odd look of desbelief. He hadn't heard of it, of course, but didn't have nerve enough to break in, being uncertain where the fact stopped, and fancy began.

"Most unique thing in the whole establishment, though, in the truly epicurean sense. Climate is wonderful. Suits you, you know, and right outside the dining-hall in a courtyard are two beautiful pools—one salt water and one fresh—stocked with about all the fish you find in either. When you walk in in the morning the head waiter meets you with a silver salver and a silken scoop-net.

"'What will you have this morning,' says he, 'a little trout, sea bass or mackeral?' tossing in a few bits of biscuit.

"'Just give me a pickerel over there,' you say. A deft swish of the net, a little floundering and the salver disappears kitchenward.

"You walk in, sit down, nibble a hot roll and sip your coffee slowly, meanwhile glancing over the papers.

"Ten minutes elapse and a waiter comes swiftly skimming up the long vista. He stops at your table. You lift the cover. There lies your pickerel, done to a turn."

By this time a man on my right had caught on. He heaved a sigh and said: "Yes, that's so. Dreadful expensive though. But wasn't the revolving veranda a beauty?"

Thus encouraged I sailed in again.

"But the most wonderful thing of all are the musical soup plates. Fact! Made in Europe somewhere—perfectly unique and original—nothing like them anywhere."

The Scotchman couldn't suppress the snort of incredulity he now gave.

"Great chance for nice discrimination," I went on. "You see, they play different tunes, and one day they made a blunder and the Chicago man's plate played Wagner and a Boston man got 'Annie Rooney,' and there was an awful row."

But now I had an experienced ally in the usually veracious captain, who came into the conversation with: "Yes, that's a fact about those Antwerp plates. They were brought over on this very vessel and I remember them well because of the terrible time we had getting through the custom house."

"Yes," I said, "That's a wonderful place, the San Jacinto—something that every one ought to see—nothing ever like it before."

"Well," said the Scotchman, solemnly, "I'm glad you liked the place so well. I built it."

The crowd collapsed.

JUSTICE LAMAR,

Probably Convalescing From His Very Severe Illness.

The possible recovery of Justice Lamar, of the U. S. Supreme court, who has been for some time very ill, is gladly hailed by his friends at the South. He is a Georgian by birth, and was born in 1825. In 1849 he removed from Georgia to Mississippi, where he continued the practice of the law. His Congressional

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

career began in 1856. He resigned his seat in 1861 and became a colonel in the Confederate army. In 1863 he was sent by the Richmond government on a mission to Russia. He was made professor of political economy in the University of Mississippi in 1869; the next year, professor of law in the same institution. Lamar was elected to Congress in 1872. He resigned his seat in 1885 to accept the office of secretary of the Interior in the Cleveland cabinet. He was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme court in 1887.

It Was Hard Work.

The man who was poking Governor Boies's boom with a stick to keep it in motion appears to have thrown up his job.—[Detroit Tribune.

His Idea of It.

"Miss Tomax—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women?

Van Cure—Not if either of them should catch him at it.—[Brooklyn Times.

My Pleasure.

I love to sit upon the fence
And whittle it all day;
Because it is my neighbor's fence,
And he has gone away.
—[Puck.

Makes the Most Noise.

Do you see the man with the big bass drum
And a drum-stick in his hand?
Well, he makes more noise than all the rest,
But he doesn't lead the band.
—[Detroit Free Press.

Run on Sound Principles.

Jones—What has made the telephone so successful, do you imagine?

Brown—I presume it is owing to the fact that it is run on sound principles.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Smoker's Weeds.

He smoked as many weeds a day
As his pocket would allow,
And deeply I regret to say
His widow wears them now.
—[New York Herald.

Our Worst Troubles.

The worst troubles anybody ever has are those that never happen.—[Ram's Horn.

OPEN OR SHUT ON SUNDAY?

The Massachusetts Senate refused to pass resolutions favoring closing the World's Fair Sundays.

Among the states which have agreed to close their exhibits Sunday are Arkansas, Massachusetts, Tennssee, Iowa and Kansas.

New York *Recorder*:—The Chicago Fair should not be closed to the masses Sunday afternoon any more than any public park should be shut up at that time. Those who will benefit most by the Exposition are practical workers who cannot afford to take many holidays.

Philadelphia *Record*:—So far as the business public of Chicago is concerned it would doubtless prefer that the Fair should be closed Sunday. The straight-laced customs of the East do not prevail in the metropolis of the West, and there would be fun as well as profit in providing for a swarm of strangers excluded from the Fair for an entire day.

Galveston *News*:—What the advocates of Sunday closing of the World's Fair need to do if they would succeed without injury to Christian faith is to convince the people that it will be wrong to open the gates. This the people generally do not believe, and none are made Christians by compulsion.

New York *Commercial Advertiser*:—If a poll of the people of the United States were taken we have no doubt that the general sentiment would be overwhelmingly in favor of permitting the fair to be opened. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the affirmative forces seem to be on the other side.

For the Blade.

INVOCATION.

City of Silence! and my home to be,
How throbs my aching heart with pain anew,
To enter thy still avenues and view
The resting place of those I love and see
The narrow bed beside reserved for me!
This plat of waving grass where crystal dew
Shall rise at eve, and thus in tears renew
A silent grief throughout eternity—
Is all I ask; no marble shaft I claim
To pierce the air and draw a shadow near;
If naught of purpose or of act bring shame
The sight is mine to live in memory dear.
On crumbling stone then carve no tender name,
But grant remembrance through each passing year.

ALICE S. DELETOMBE.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

The root of rice plant has been discovered to be a satisfactory substance for incandescent lamp filaments.

The new system of duplex telegraphy has recently been devised which is both duplex and diplex in its nature.

The city council of St. Etienne, France, has decided to equip the 18,000 silk and ribbon looms of the place with the electric motor power.

Thomas A. Edison is at present in New Jersey looking after the possible development of mining property by the introduction of his magnetic ore separator.

The employment of celluloid in place of lead for storage battery plates is a new departure, which, with other advantages, will make a great saving of weight in the accumulators.

The latest novelties brought out by the Edison company are a street car controlling switch embodying new features, and a generator whose field coils can be removed in spots for repair.

The Steinway Railroad company, whose street railway runs from the Ninety-second street ferry to Steinway, L. I., has contracted for an equipment of six motor cars and two 100-horse power generators.

Two new styles of arc lamps have been put on the market during the past week which are intended specially for use in rooms with low ceilings and in other places where the height of the old style has proved inconvenient.

That there is still a field for invention in the life-saving fenders for electric cars is evidenced by the fact that C. M. Ryan, a young boy in Boston, was recently crushed and killed under one of these so-called "life savers."

In Dresden an electric fire engine, using a power of 5,000 volts, has been constructed, whose pump is capable of throwing 180 cubic feet of water per second. With a three-quarter inch nozzle it gives a height of throw of 100 feet.

As examples of recent telephone achievements, it is stated that a band playing on the streets of London was heard by telephone in Paris, and that people in Nottingham, England, listened to a sermon preached at Christ church, Birmingham, fifty-one miles away.

In its recent annual report the Bell Telephone company is put down as owning 512,407 telephones, connecting with 788 exchanges and 509 branches, and enrolling 266,456 miles of wire, over which are sent 500,000,000 messages per year. Ten additional lines have been strung between New York and Philadelphia during the past year.

THE UNDER DOG.

I know that this world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or I'm right;
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said were better not said,
Or 'twere better I said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog.
—[David Barker.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Life is short, and most people are short all through life.—[Somerville Journal.

The lobster is not noted for his sympathetic feelings, but when required, he "shells out" very nicely.—[Truth.

An anti-crank bill has been introduced into Congress. The farmer's boy will be anxious to know if it includes the grindstone.—[Lowell Courier.

Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold a 15-pound girl to a 15-pound baby.—[Binghampton Republican.

Forgiven—He: "Although you insist that you are perfectly sure, I am certain you are just the reverse." She: "Sir!" He: "Surely perfect, I mean."—[Indianapolis Journal.

Husband: "Have you decided what kind of a dress you are going to get?" Wife: "Not yet. I am waiting until our new servant girl unpacks her trunks.—[Cloak Review.

Briggs: "What did the landlady say this morning about the steam heat in our room?" Griggs: "She said it was a cold day when she didn't have any steam turned on.—[Life.

Rimer (entering the editorial sanctum)—"I have written a poem on the grip, sir." Editor (who is just over a severe attack of the malady)—"Well, it deserves it."—[Jury.

Many a man who rejoices at the possible extermination of trusts in this country kicks if his tailor shows any willingness to help along its coming in his own dealings.—[Philadelphia Times.

The latest fad is to turn the back of the piano away from the wall and toward the room. If the performer could now be induced to turn his back to the piano all would be well.—[Hartford Journal.

Father—"Why do imagine that you will remain several years in your present position?" Son—"Because my boss told me this morning that he'd discharge me just as soon as I returned the money I borrowed from him."—[New York Journal.

THE WIND'S SUMMONS.

The Wind came whining to my door,
Across the uplands from the sea,
With plaintive burden o'er and o'er,
"O, will ye roam the world with me!"

The wintry skies were all too chill,
The wintry lands too stark and gray;
I would not do the wild Wind's will;
I barred the door and said him nay.

But when the Night crept, vast and black,
Up the long valleys from the sea,
The cold Wind followed in his track,
And swift and stealthy followed he.

* * * * * * * * *

The mad Wind clamored at my door;
His voice was like the angry sea
That breaks in thunder on the shore,
And still he cried: "Come forth to me!"

The casements shook and shuddered sore,
He ranged the house with sound and sound;
My chamber rocked from roof to floor,
And all the darkness throbbed with sound.

The wintry dawn rose faint and slow,
He turned him to the frozen Lea,
And ave he moaned and muttered low
Along the uplands to the sea.

Sullen and slow the Sea-Wind sped;
"O, never doubt the day shall be
When I shall come again," he said,
"And you come forth and follow me.

The lair of Night shall be your bed,
And fast and far your ghost shall flee,
When you are one with all the Dead
That roam the wide world round with me."
—Graham R. Tomson in the Atlantic.

Still Waiting.

Irascible Diner—See here, sir, don't you see I am waiting here?

Complaisant Waiter—Very well, sir then I will go and wait somewhere else.

The Dangerous Age.

A green old age is all right. It is the green young age that is dangerous.—[Galveston News.

Hopes and Fears.

The postman's whistle, down the street,
May bring us woe as well as weal;
But when he passes on his beat
And doesn't call—how glum we feel!
—[Puck.

RHODE ISLAND,

A Comparison of Election Figures With Last Year in the Manufacturing Towns—The Democrats Losing Ground.

Chicago Tribune.

The following is the vote cast last week in the chief manufacturing towns of Rhode Island as compared with that of last year. It shows where the vote was cast which made the state Republican after three years of Democracy:

	1891.		1892.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Norwich	1,058	895	1,381	926
Providence	7,168	8,386	9,909	10,368
Woonsocket	889	1,054	1,253	1,324
Lincoln	1,131	1,357	*400	.....
Westerly	694	290	616	319
Cumberland	459	643	572	620
Johnston	558	530	743	671
Cranston	392	349	635	318

*Majority.

It is evidenced that the men who work in the cotton and woolen mills did not trust the Democracy. It is clear that they had no faith in Mr. Cleveland when he told them that he loved them and wished to raise their wages and not to lower them. They dreaded that fat gift-bearing Greek and his oily platitudes. The vote in the above named towns increased over 5,000. Nearly all the newly registered voters were of foreign birth, and for that reason the Democrats thought they would get them, but these foreigners, knowing how ill-paid they had been at home and how well paid they were here, preferred to vote in such a manner as not to expose themselves to the competition of the workmen whom they had left on the other side of the ocean. As the mill hands of Rhode Island voted, so will those of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut.

IN HIS 109TH YEAR.

Pierce Crotty, Oldest Inhabitant of New York City.

Pierce Crotty, of New York, has lived in that city more than seventy-five years. He was born at Ardmore, Ireland, in 1784. He is withered and feeble, of course, but has good eyesight, fair hearing, a healthy appetite, and sound teeth to assist its gratification, considerable conversational ability and the disposition to enjoy a good laugh with his friends. The pity is, however, that his memory is failing, and there is not much opportunity remaining in which to

PIERCE CROTTY.

invite his recollections of a long-ago past.

He had 26 brothers and sisters. In 1815 he came to America, but not until 1828 did he use the privilege of casting a vote for President. His preference was for Andrew Jackson, of glorious memory. He was 43 years in the employment of the gas company by whose kindness his long-protracted decline is made comfortable. Temperance people will be glad to learn that this more than centenarian has never taken strong drink as a beverage nor used tobacco in any form. He was about 65 years old when he married the only wife of his long pilgrimage. She died after 28 years of mateship with him. Great interest attaches to the simple life story of a man who was born before the constitution of the United States was ratified.

For the Blade.

SPRING.

A New Song with an Old Title.

The gladsome spring has come again, her
Which bide the brown earth's bosom, her
voice is in the breeze—
That stirs the budding forest, where birds
their matins sing,
While with the bleat of sheep and kine, the
echoing hillsides ring.

The dancing spring has come again, replacing winter's snow
With a carpet, bright as emerald, while she wanders to and fro.
Where she lingered on the violet banks, the flowers are peeping out,
From beneath their winter's coverlet, to see what she's about.

The joyous spring has come again; loosed from the icy chain
That held it fast, the meadow brook flows merrily on again,
Singing to reeds and rushes, and willows drooping low
Part of creation's chorus, learned in ages long ago.

Rejoice, the spring has come again with resurrection power;
And a new life is awakened in tree and shrub and flower.
While, freed from winter's thraldom, the old earth growing gay,
Will robe herself in blossoms, to meet the merry May.

—[ELLEN A. LUTZ.

KINGDOM OF HAWAII.

The Threatened Deposition of Queen Liliuokalani.

During several weeks past a revolution has been imminent at Honolulu where Queen Liliuokalani is living virtually a prisoner in her own palace. American vessels are in harbor, and

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

Admiral Brown, in command, has prepared all the guns that can be spared from his flagship to be mounted in the grounds of the United States consulate. It is believed that the object of the revolutionists is to set up a republic. The trouble may resolve into the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States.

Her majesty the queen assumed power in January, 1891, upon news of the death of Kalakaua, her brother. She had been known as Princess Lydia, or Mrs. Dominis, her husband being an American of this name. The queen could never have felt herself to be firmly seated in her throne, as doubts were widely felt at the time of her accession of her sincerity in taking the oath to maintain the constitution. She is an accomplished Christian lady, and active in the work of the American mission.

Every One Has Not the Room.

He—I don't see what people keep diaries for; I can keep all my affairs in my head.

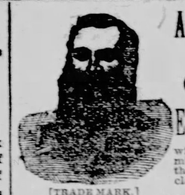
She—That's a good way, too; but not every one has the room.—[N. Y. Sun.

For the Blade.

THE MOON-FLOWER.

The moon-flower waits—unheeding warmth of sun,
Withholds consent until the day is done;
Her swelling heart then touched by tenderer light,
She slow unfolds her white wings to the night
And throws a flood of richest incense out
On youth and love, desiring and devout
Who see their future with bright promise blessed,
Hope's trembling star upon her virgin breast!

ALICE S. DELETOMBE.



A FAIR TRIAL OF THE OWEN Electric Belt will satisfy any fair minded person that they will do all that is claimed for them.

[TRADE MARK.]

DR. A. OWEN. PROOF POSITIVE from RELIABLE WITNESSES, sufficient to convince the most skeptical will be furnished upon application.

A Pastor Writes About His Trouble and What Cured Him:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Feb. 11, 1892.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO., New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—This is to say that I was troubled with Kidney Disease, weak back and a general melancholy depression. My appetite was poor and my nights were almost sleepless.

I read of your No. 4 Gents' Electric Belt in Aug., 1891, and on the 15th of Aug. I purchased one. It came promptly and I have worn it more or less since the latter part of Aug.

I am pleased to say that nearly all of the symptoms of Kidney Disease have disappeared. The pains in back are gone and I feel like a new man. All thanks to Dr. Owen for this wonderful discovery. I yet hold on to my belt and find it a sure help and I believe it will be a permanent cure.

Yours, Etc.,
JOHN R. SCOTT,
Pastor of M. E. Church, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Rheumatism Cured.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Mar. 17, 1892.

DR. A. OWEN,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Some time ago I was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism. I also had a little of Rheumatism in the small of my back. I had read of the wonderful cures by the use of your Electric Belt and I sent for a catalogue. I read it through carefully and concluded to send for one of your No. 4 Gents' Electric Belts. I wore the belt for about four months, and I am now on the road as Commercial Traveler. The rheumatism has been entirely cured and my other troubles are about gone. I will continue to wear the Belt for a while longer to ward off all other Diseases.

I think that Dr. Owen's Electric Belt is the greatest invention of the age. Far superior to all others. I would not take a large sum for my belt, if I could not get another one like it.

Please accept my sincere thanks for what your Electric Belt has done for me. I hope you will use this testimonial as it may be the means of helping some one that is suffering as I was.

Very Thankfully Yours,
F. ROSENQUIST,
238 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Persons making inquiries from the writers of testimonials, will please inclose self-addressed, stamped envelop to insure a prompt reply.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

contains fullest information, list of diseases, cut of belts and appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, etc. Published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. Will be mailed free, or a treatise on rupture cured with electric truss will be sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.

Main office and only factory,
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BLDG.,
201 to 211 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
New York Office, 826 Broadway.
The

The Household

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, Editor.

"HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING."

HOME TALKS.

FOUR DIFFERENT GOSPELS,

Those Who Will Preach Explain their Preaching—All Working for the Same Object After All, Only Differing in Methods.

"I would preach the Gospel of labor!"

"And I the Gospel of recreation!"

"And I would preach both, for both are equally necessary!"

"I would preach the Gospel of Christ!"

There was a moment's silence after the fourth speaker's words had died away. Three women with strong, earnest, energetic faces gazed earnestly at her. Then the first broke forth again:

"I wouldn't, for I think there is altogether too much of what is called religion talked to those people who do not know the first principles of living useful lives in the community. Instead of trying to save their souls, I'd try to show them how to save their bodies by making the most of what has been given them in the way of capacity for labor. Give them plenty of work with decent pay, and three-fourths of them would become self-respecting men and women, ready then for a step higher. They've all got to live. I read a story in that new book, 'Darkness and Daylight,' about a young man who followed prize-fighting as an occupation. He was not, as they say, a half-bad fellow, though he was ready to knock the brains out of his opponent for a few dollars. Once he went around with one of those devoted people who work in the New York slums to help the fallen to their feet, in an endeavor to find a girl whose place with her mother she had left terribly vacant,

"The young man talked as they walked along. 'Well, mishener,' he said, 'I ain't much stuck on religion. Yes see, I didn't have no mother to religious me, an' I guess that's the reason. But I'd help any one out of them dives. I ain't religious like, yer understand? Yer can't be religious an' fight, can yer? Well, that's how I make my eat. No fight, no eat, see? So its either eat or religion, an' as I take naturally to eat an' don't to religion, I eats an' fights an' fights an' eats. See? I may reform some day an' git religion. I hain't got nothin' agin it nohow.' I think there's a whole sermon in what he said, and what it means to me is that we are to give people some way to make their bodies comfortable in a respectable manner, and then you will have a chance to get them to think about something higher."

She stopped a moment to take breath. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," her friend said. "I believe that devoutly. The trouble is that people grow reckless and careless because work is made one everlasting grind, day in and day out, through all the years. I am heart and soul for the 'social awakening,' as it is called, that is being looked after over in London and should be entered into more largely here. Give the mind something pleasant to feed on. Stimulate it by enjoyment. See that these poor people have pleasures placed within their reach that will not degrade them, something that will be recreation without preaching connected with it, and they will be sure to grow better. Three-fourths of the charitable and missionary work that has been done in years past has begun at the wrong end. These poor creatures don't know that they have any souls and they don't care. What they want is first to be comfortable and next to enjoy themselves, and its what they do to get pleasure that demoralizes them. Everybody needs recreation. There is a tendency in every human being to feel as the little girl did who was tired of being good and wanted to go down and play in hell awhile. The more ignorant and degraded people are, the more likely they are to go into the depths for the pleasure which they are looking for."

She paused for breath also and the third speaker seized the opportunity to put in her oar of opinion.

"That's right," she said, emphatically, unconsciously falling into the slang of the day; "I believe more people can be saved from ruin by being put in a way to earn a respectable living, and then given an opportunity to have some recreation in order to show them that there is a brighter side of life, than by all of the preaching about their souls that can be gathered into the longest lifetime. They need both labor and pleasure in order to develop the best there is in them, and they don't care an iota about the next life when they are denied everything which they think is worth having in this one. If they don't have work and plenty of it, they get vicious; and if they don't have recreation they grow discouraged and the same result follows. You can't make any impression upon them by talking about the goodness and mercy of God and His love for them, when they look around and see other people enjoying all those things which they want and cannot have, and when they are half of the time both hungry and cold. They don't reason, many of them; they only feel, and while that is so, members of churches may make semi-occasional visits among them and talk religion until the world comes to an end, and how much is accomplished? Now and then one may be plucked from the fire, but the "now and thens" are very few compared to the great majority. No, the Gospel of Labor and Recreation together is what I shall preach and what I believe will save sinners, leaving the religion of the churches to those who believe it the only pathway to better conditions."

The gentle, earnest looking little woman who said she would preach the Gospel of Christ, had listened intently while one after the other of her companions were speaking.

"Do you not think," she said, when the last one ceased, "that we are all working in the same direction after all? I did not mean when I said that I would preach the Gospel of Christ that I would do it in the line of any church doctrine whatever. It should not be either Presbyterian or Methodist, Baptist or Catholic. It should simply be the Gospel of Love, which comprehends all that you have been talking about—indeed, comprehends everything that will help to uplift humanity. What do you or I care how this is done, only that it be accomplished? One reason why the good work does not go along faster is that we are all so anxious to do it in our own special way, just as we think it should be done, and by the people we judge to be the fittest for its doing. All that is needed is honesty of purpose, and a sincere desire to help those who are in need, whether that need be physical, mental or spiritual, You who believe in the gospel of labor as the one true way of ameliorating the woes of humanity are doing Christ's work, whether you call it by His name or not. You who preach only the gospel of recreation with the same end in view, are carrying out His teaching of the brotherhood of man as truly as if you summoned in words those you desire to aid to repent and be saved. And you who take the broader view that by no one method can all good be accomplished, are Christ-like just in proportion as your work is divested of selfishness and has for its object the ultimate advancement of the poor, the ignorant, the vicious out of darkness into daylight. Names matter not at all. Ways of accomplishment may differ and it does not count. It is only the spirit that pervades the doing that is of moment. As for me, I am ready to take by the hand any one, whether black or white, no matter by what name he be called, or what his beliefs, providing that his daily life shows a sincere desire to live close to his highest conception of Truth, and to work unselfishly for the good of humanity."

There was an earnest, intent look upon the faces of the three women who listened, and as they turned away, after a warm hand-clasp each with the others, they carried with them the new thought of tolerance towards all earnest workers, whether their ways and methods, their beliefs and opinions, accorded with their own or differed with what seemed an irreconcilable difference.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The subject of what constitutes a womanly woman seems to be attracting a good deal of attention just now, and the editor would be glad to hear what the HOUSEHOLD thinks about it. Let us hear from you upon the subject.

Household Chats—About Weddings.

I do not mean the fashionable weddings that usually occur after Easter, and for which preparations on as great a scale of magnificence as possible are made, weddings that are the subject of conversation for weeks among the friends of the high contracting parties, and which have to be "rehearsed" in church lest some of the interested parties should forget to do or say the proper thing at the proper time when the public wedding occurs. We have no room nor desire to discuss these affairs, but wish to answer here some of the questions that have been sent us by the girls of THE HOUSEHOLD who expect to make new homes for themselves soon.

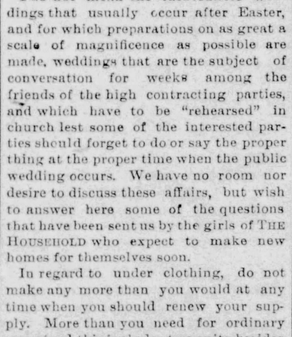
In regard to under clothing, do not make any more than you would at any time when you should renew your supply. More than you need for ordinary wear (and this includes two suits besides your every day wear) will become yellow by laying, and the cloth will sometimes spoil entirely. You will have time to make more after you are married, never fear.

So with dresses; do not have a great number made. If you do, you will have to wear old dresses and "made-overs" until you are so tired of them that you will heartily regret having had so many at first. Two wash dresses for morning wear, one for afternoons, a street dress, a wrapper and a "best dress" are plenty for any one who is careful with their clothes. A black silk dress is very desirable if you can afford it, if not, an all wool, black dress will do for best. Have plenty of aprons, handkerchiefs, hosiery, and neckwear and you can always look well, and will have a chance to have a new dress once in a while, one that isn't "old fashioned" in material or cut. Have a bonnet, wrap, gloves and shoes that are to be worn with your best dress, and keep them for that wear, then you will not feel worried about any part of your dress, all will correspond, and you will experience great comfort and peace of mind in consequence, for, foolish as it may seem, a torn glove, or the consciousness that the toes of our best shoes are rubbed white, will interfere with our enjoyment of anything from a church service to a call upon a neighbor.

Buy nothing because it is "cheap;" such things often cost us more in the end, than a good article would, and do not buy anything because you may need it in the future. If you have any surplus money after buying what you need, keep it till you are sure you need something. And do not think that you must make a complete change in the style and quality of your clothing because you are to live with your husband instead of your father and mother. Keep yourself loving and good and the chances are that your husband will not notice the dress.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A FLOWER OR LEAF FAN.—Get a fan of good size, one of the large Japanese ones, with pretty sticks and a handle. Have a pretty color of light green tissue paper. Crimp it finely by pressing the sheet lengthwise through the hand until it is in the finest wrinkles. Cut out of this sheet of crimped paper any shape—oval, round or oval one is the best—and sew them in rows upon the foundation, as shown in the illustration, or paste them. If the fan is for use, and not merely an ornament, both sides must be covered. Where the leaves come together, a pretty flower may be made, or a cluster of artificial ones be used; but those which look most natural must be chosen. The fan may also be covered with silk leaves, or with any kind of flowers as fancy dictates.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE.—Get a square of ivorine, and cut the edges in the shape of some pretty flower, that is star-like in form when opened. Outline these in gold paint. Line the inside with pale green silk, fastening it in by fine silk cord run in and out of holes cut evenly through silk and ivorine. Catch three corners together with a bow of green ribbon, the same shade as the lining, and upon the other corner have a loop of the same cord left in fastening in the lining. Let this pass over a small button under the bow of ribbon.

A PRETTY THING.—A lovely ornament which could be made a delight, especially in the winter time, is made in the following way: Fill a clear glass tumbler with water. Upon the surface lay one thickness of pure white wadding, which has been cut exactly to fit the glass. Sprinkle over this flaxseed and set the glass in the sunlight. Presently the seeds will shoot roots downward and stems upward, and by and by tiny blue blossoms will nod and smile at all who look with pleasure at this thing of beauty. Keep the glass full of water by lifting the edge of the wadding carefully and pouring it in. Any shaped dish may be used, but the top must be covered with the cotton close to the edge all around.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open-shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

CORAL TIDY—Cast on 83 stitches. 1st row—Sl 1—k1—o—n—o—n—o—k1—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—n—o— n—o —n—o—k1—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k1—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k1. All even rows seamed. 3d row—Sl 1—k1—o—n—o—n—o—k3—o—k3—o—k2—n— k2—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k3—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k3—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k1. 5th row—Sl 1—k1—o—n—o—n—o—k5—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k5—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k5—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k1. 7th row—Sl 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—k1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—k1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—k1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—k3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—k3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2. 9th row—Sl 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—k1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k4—n—k2—o—k1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—k3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—k2—n—k2—o—k3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2. 11th row—Sl 1—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—k5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—k5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2—n—n—k2—o—k5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k2. 12th row—Plain, then begin at first row.—SISTER VÉE.

Correspondence.

JEAN HUNT TELLS OF ANOTHER TRIUMPH IN DRESS MAKING; ALSO ABOUT HER "CHARITY BOX."—As the readers of this department seem to regard my hints upon making overdresses with favor, I will describe one a friend recently made. The dress was a fine Henrietta cloth, in light terra cotta, and had been trimmed with black braid. She had a nursing child, and the dress was terribly soiled and spotted.

After ripping it up she dyed it a very pretty shade of brown, by using one package each of terra cotta and brown diamond dye.

The skirt was made in two flounces of equal depth, sewed to a lining, the upper one overlapping the under one by several inches. Each flounce was trimmed with a row of fancy braid two inches wide, which went entirely around the flounces. As there was a scant pattern of the goods, and the dress was for home wear, a waist was made instead of a basque. The sleeves were made of two full puffs of black goods, with a deep cuff of the brown. A waist lining was fitted and the shoulder and back seams sewed up and the neck bound. A strip of black goods about 12 inches wide, was hemmed at one edge and laid in inch deep plaits. These plaits were laid to run forward, each way from the center of the back, and were sewed to the lining at the neck, leaving a standing ruffle at the neck, two inches deep. The lining was then put on and the plaits straightened into place and pinned. This formed a pleated, black yoke. A brown, low necked, sleeveless waist was then made to wear over this waist, and the sleeves sewed into both. The brown waist was trimmed with braid. A pretty pointed belt of brown, trimmed with black braid finished the suit.

If one fails to understand how to make the pleated yoke, take a slip of paper, pleat up as above, pin the pleats, and then pin around the neck. The bottom edges are to be fastened into place, and what extends over the shoulders is cut off. This a pretty way to make guimps to children's dresses, and is newer than those that are seamed upon the shoulders.

I have just finished three very pretty pairs of crocheted bed slippers, which are to be given to people who are very poor. All they cost me was the soles. The wool I got in this way: a friend had a ravelling of delicate pink fascinator, crocheted in loops upon a foundation of Germantown yarn. It was soiled, and she was going to put it on her mop, when I begged it for my "charity box." At odd times I ravelled it all out, and tied it into skeins, which I washed. One day after dyeing some goods crimson, I put in the Germantown yarn. It came out a lovely shade. The outside of the fascinator was made of saxony wool. This I dyed a light shade of grey.

I am quite sure the fascinator, in its present form, will gladden the hearts of three nice old ladies, many a cold morning.

One can often make useful and pretty gifts out of old articles by the help of skillful fingers and bright dyes.

My "charity box" has many articles in it that are made out of what most people would throw away.—[JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

Pray do not think that I am one of those who are always complaining of their lot. Indeed, no! I am deeply thankful every day for many things, and do not think that I could have planned my own destiny better than He who did it.

I try to fill every day so full of work and of grand and tender thoughts that no time shall be left for sorrow, but times will come when one cannot keep the mind from looking back over the years of disappointment that make the sum of life and such an utter weariness comes over me then that it seems as though the only boon I crave, is endless rest. At such times the thoughts of those who have lived useful lives is a great help, and surely from none have I derived more than from our editor.

It seems to me no more than right to offer a word of thanks now and then to those who help their sisters so much through THE HOUSEHOLD. Jean Hunt, you are a treasure, and I am sure many besides myself give you thanks for all your kind instructions. Will Montana May never come more to enliven THE HOUSEHOLD? I hope some one will tell us soon all about out door flowers.—L. O. C.

A correspondent speaks of her "chart" which I infer is the Bible. To it she goes for an answer to every question. If more would follow her example, these long discussions on dancing, card playing, etc., would end. I think our "chart"—and I know Phœbe M. Johnson will allow me to claim it, too—teaches us that anything which causes us to think less of our Master and more of the world and its pleasures is sinful, If it be the dance, the card table, a companion or whatever it may be, we are to shun it, for "Evil communications do corrupt good manners." No one comes away from the ball room with as pure thoughts and heart as when they went to it, and the card table, even if it be in the home of a friend, may start some one on the road to the gambling table.

Fellow Christians, whatever may be our creed, let us be consistent; be true to the cause we profess! Look daily in our "chart."—VIOLA.

I wish to talk a little about kindness to our children. I expect some mothers will exclaim, I am kind to my darlings! But the poet has truly said:

"If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again—

"Would the bright eyes of our darlings
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the prints of little fingers
Vex us then, as they do now?

"Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memory back
To the lisping baby actions,
Strewn along our backward track.

"How the little hands remind us
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by."

How many of us that call ourselves Christians, can say there have been no hasty words and actions? Alas! I fear very few. Only a short time since, two of my little ones were taken away, and would to God I could say there was no such words and actions to shed bitter tears over now. Oh, mothers, if we but live as near to God as lie would have us, we would be happier ourselves, and make those around us happier.—MRS. E. E. C.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me what to do for goitre or swelled neck, and whether it can be cured?—C. W.

Will some one tell me a nice way to make a waste basket for the sitting-room? And will some of the readers tell me a nice way to make a dress for a girl of about 16 years?—GREENIE.

Will some one tell an ignorant girl what color would be nicest for a graduating dress (besides white or cream) and how to make it?—A BUNCH OF LILACS.

Will some one send recipe for ribbon cake, made with red, white, brown and yellow layers.—ALLISA.

Will some one tell me how to cook cauliflower and egg plant?—ELIZABETH.

Will some one tell me where I can find the piece of poetry called "The Child's Wish," the first line of which is: "I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear."—H. E. E.

Will some one tell me how Delsarte is pronounced? Would a bell skirt of camel's hair cloth need a lining?—HASTE.

Pronounced as if the final "e" was omitted.—ED.

Can some one tell how to make a cheap and good incubator for raising chickens? —SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one suggest something pretty to suspend from the centerpiece of a room, wherea swinging lamp is not used?—LUCILLE.

Answers to Inquiries.

Elmer S.:—In a business letter to a lady, either young or old, it is proper to address her as Madam, or Dear Madam according to the degree of intimacy allowed by your acquaintance with her.—ED.

Greenie:—When introduced, a lady and gentleman may shake hands if they desire to, but it is not necessary that they should do so, and the gentleman must always wait for the lady to signify her willingness, by offering her hand to him. —ED.

F. P. Griswold:—We have not the address you asked for, and, as stated many times, we do not send addresses for private correspondence.—ED.

Geo. W. Palmer:—Will you please tell once more, if it was "30 grains of arsenic" used in the cure you sent to THE HOUSEHOLD? The writing was blurred, and it is very necessary that we should be exact in giving such a recipe. —ED.

Mrs. R. G. Rawlins:—Do you not see that by complying with you request we should be advertising patent medicine in THE HOUSEHOLD? Your offer was very kind and we are sorry that we cannot assist you in your good intentions.—ED.

"A BLADE Reader," "A Married Man," "A Young Lady," "Harry," and several others are reminded of the requirements regarding the name attached to a communication to THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Truman White:—Write to Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, 153, West Twenty-third street, New York, for information concerning the King's Daughters.

Housekeeper:—Get some one to firmly hold the bottle, put a hemp twine twice around the neck, and pull the ends back and forth rapidly. This heats the neck of the bottle, and generally one or two trials will loosen the stopper.

M. G. W.:—If your hyacinths bloomed in the winter, they must have a rest before they will bloom again. If grown in water they can be set out in the garden to make a new growth, but they will never be of much use. If in dirt, stop watering them and put them away in a dark, dry place, pots and all. They will dry out and the bulbs get ripe. The first of September (or later) they can be potted and will bloom during the winter. —JEAN HUNT.

Constant Reader:—One box of chloride of lime will bleach 50 yards of cloth. Pour boiling rain water over the lime and let it stand over night. In the morning, strain the water and add as much of the water as will completely cover the cloth. If you tear off your sheets and pillow cases, you can handle them more easily. Turn the cloth in the water every few minutes for two hours, when it will be quite white. Rinse it through several waters (the more times it is rinsed the whiter it will be), and let it soak over night in clear water. Then wash and dry in the sun.—PEGGY.

Botheration:—Put dried fruit in paper sacks, tie well, or put in pieces of sassafras bark. If the heat will is not spoiled, that no germ is in them when put in sacks. Your fruit will be undisturbed. —A READER.

M. K., No. 2:—Make your little girl's dress with a round yoke, full waist and skirt gathered to a belt, and full sleeves gathered into a cuff. If the yoke, belt and cuffs are of pink or blue, and the dress white or some pretty contrasting color, the effect is very nice.—GREENIE.

Menu for Breakfast.

Oatmeal, Sugar and Cream,
Broiled Steak, Stewed Potatoes,
Soft Boiled Eggs,
Coffee.

Recipes.

BOSTON DOUGHNUTS.—2 eggs, beaten without separating; ½ cupful sugar, ½ pt. of milk, 1 pt. flour, 2 tablespoonfuls soft, but not melted butter; ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ nutmeg; stir and beat this mixture until perfectly smooth, then add 2 tablespoonfuls baking powder and flour enough to make as soft a dough as can be handled. Roll out, cut into rounds and fry in hot lard, or a mixture of suet and lard.

MOCK CHOCOLATE RUSSE.—Put ½ pt. of milk and ½ cupful of granulated sugar in a double boiler; moisten 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in 4 tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and put it in the boiling milk and stir till it thickens; cook about two minutes; remove from the fire; beat into this mixture 1 teaspoonful of flavoring and the well-beaten whites of 3 eggs; have a mold lined with plate cake, or lady's fingers, and fill with this cream. Set on ice in a cold place and serve icy cold.—ELLA G.

GINGER SHERBET.—Boil 1 qt. of water, 1½ lbs. sugar, the yellow rind of 3 lemons and 1 orange cut fine, for 5 minutes. When cool, add the juice of the lemons and orange, also the juice of another lemon, strain, and freeze this syrup. Pound 4 ozs. of preserved ginger to a smooth paste and press it through a sieve, cut 2 ozs. of the ginger in tiny bits, mix all together and stir it, with 1 tablespoonful of ginger syrup, into the frozen ice, cover and re-pack the same as ice cream. To be served in glasses or orange baskets after the meat course.—E. P. R.

FRIED SALT FISH.—Soak salt cod over night; in the morning boil till tender, then remove the bones, place in a wire basket and plunge into hot fat for 5 minutes. Serve with baked potatoes.

LOBSTERED COD.—Soak the fish long enough to extract most of the salt; dry in a slow oven; pour over it a mayonnaise dressing and garnish with lettuce. Or, serve with a dressing of pepper, vinegar and a little mustard.

TO PREVENT THE DISAGREEABLE ODOR FROM STOVE POLISH.—Put a little sugar with it when you wet it. To open cans sealed with wax, place the cans on the top of the lid. To cure or prevent chicken cholera, boil pecan leaves and branches in their drinking water.—HATTIE B. KELLEY.

SURE CURE FOR FLEAS.—Scatter a few drops of oil of pennyroyal among the clothing or beds that are infected with these pests, and they will flee away never to return.—L. W. ADKINS.

WHITE CAKE.—1 cupful granulated sugar; ½ cupful butter; whites of 3 eggs beaten to a stiff froth; ½ cupful sweet milk; mix thoroughly and add 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted with ½ cupful of corn starch and 3 cupfuls of flour; a little salt and flavoring to taste. Use the yolks of the eggs for frosting.—LILLY WEST.

CARROT PIE (better than pumpkin)—Carrots, cooked finely, mashed, 1 cupful; legg; 1 cupful sweet milk; sweeten to taste; bake in one crust.—L. O. C.

No Other Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people. No other combines the economy and strength which make "100 Doses One Dollar" true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

No Other possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

A Feminine View.

He—I like a girl like Miss Brace; she stoops to conquer.

She—Too bad, isn't it? amounts almost to a deformity.

HOME FLOWER GARDENS

HOW THEY ARE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

Everybody May Have Flowers if They Will Take Some Trouble—Some Advice About Their Cultivation.

II.

One thing more must be taken into consideration before you commence your flower gardening—that is, how much of it you can do. It will take much time and much, very much, hard work to have and care for properly, very many flowers, and if you have not time at your command, and cannot depend upon any but your own two hands for this work, you had better not attempt too much of it.

Weeds grow much faster than plants, and it is hard, back-breaking work to pull them when the sun is hot and you are tired. Unless you live in a city where you can water the flowers with a hose attached to the city water pipes, it will be very tedious work to pump and carry sufficient water to make them grow well.

Then there are bugs and worms and all kinds of creeping things, to say nothing of moles that will need constant attention, or they will spoil your flowers very much sooner than you could raise them.

If your love of flowers is great enough to endure all of these trials, you will certainly have an abundant reward for all the trouble they cause you, but it is better to think of these things before you commence your work than to go to the expense and trouble first and give it up in a little while.

We will suppose you have considered all of the possible trouble and decided to risk it. You will next decide what must be done first.

After the beds are prepared the seeds should be sown as early as possible to insure early blossoms. If you live in or near a city where you can procure plants ready to set out it will save you much trouble to buy them and transplant them toward evening, giving them plenty of water and covering them with newspapers for a few days to protect them from the sun and wind. If you raise plants from the seed, first buy good, fresh seed from some reliable dealer, and not trust to the old, useless seeds sold at some grocery store where they have lain on the shelves until the vitality is all gone from them. Prepare the dirt for your boxes, by heating in an oven for an hour or two to destroy the worms or weeds that may be in it, sift it and add some sand. Plant your seeds far enough apart to allow the young plants to be easily removed when ready for transplanting, cover lightly with dirt that is fully half sand. Be sure not to plant seeds too deep, small seeds need to be but barely covered.

Set your boxes where they will get the morning sun and sprinkle with tepid water once a day, keeping the seeds covered with damp flannel or thick paper until they germinate. After they show themselves above the ground, sprinkle twice a day but do not allow them to be too wet, or too hot. When the plants are a few inches high, and there is no danger from frosts, transplant to the beds. The first week in May will do for this work in some localities, but in the Northern states it is safer to wait until the middle of the month.

Pansies, candy-tuft, mignonette, nasturtiums, petunias and poppies will give a profusion of flowers, and sow themselves year after year.

You will, of course, want a sweet pea hedge. It will give you an unfailing crop of sweetness and beauty from July till October, and your rose bowl filled with the sweet pink and white flowers will be a joy to you every time you come into the room where it stands; and all of this condensed sweetness will cost comparatively little trouble. Prepare the bed for them as early in the spring as the ground can be worked, fertilizing it well. Soak the seed for twenty-four hours, then plant in rows, about four inches deep, then let them alone till the plants are 3 or 4 inches high, when it will be time to weed them carefully and hoe the dirt up around them, leaving only the tops in sight. Do this until they are several inches above the ground, and it will insure stronger roots which will stand a drouth better than with shallow planting. Now give them brush or strings to run on and all there will remain for you to do, is to occasionally pull the large coarse weeds that will spring up among them, and enjoy the flowers.

Of course you must have a bed, or a border at least, of pansies. They are so beautiful and so faithful, blooming right along from early spring till late in the fall. Indeed, they have been found under a light fall of snow, looking as bright and cheerful as if that was their favorite covering. By all means, have some pansies.

If the seed is sown very early in the spring you will have flowers almost as soon as if you buy the plants for bedding.

Seed sown in June or July will produce fall-flowering plants. Pansies should be planted in the shade, and given plenty of water, and, like the sweet pea and other varieties of summer flowers, must be picked every day to insure plenty of flowers.

The Phlox Drummondii is a hardy and vigorous plant most suitable for a "ribbon bed." It usually comes very true from the seed, so one can select and arrange the colors for such a bed, very easily. Early spring is the best time to sow the seed, though it can be sown in the fall, but it must be very late, to prevent the seeds from germinating too soon.

PETUNIAS.—For an early and late display of bloom, this is one of the best. It seeds itself and comes up year after year, making it a good flower for the busy house wife. Sow as early in the spring as the ground will permit; or for earlier bloom, start the seeds in the house. This is the single one.

Remember, in raising any kind of seeds the earth must never become dry, or it will kill the young sprouts; keep it warm, and under a glass till the plants appear; give full sun. Great care must be taken to keep the sun from scorching them, however, and air given also; when the days become warm enough, set your boxes out doors, to harden your young plants, or they will be weak and spindling when set in the border, and receive a check that will take weeks to overcome. Make a circular bed and see how pretty it will be. This is the way to raise nearly all kind of seed, if you have no hot-bed.

The double petunia is one of our prettiest flowers; it comes now in a variety of colors, as well as pure white. It has to be fertilized by hand, and then the seeds are not all true; but if you succeed in raising one or two plants, it will repay all trouble, and make a grand display all summer.

They will not winter out of doors at the North, but have to be lifted and kept in the cellar to be re-set the next summer. The single ones seed freely and the seeds are true. Take cuttings for the house in winter.

For the single ones I much pefer sowing seeds in August or September.

If you treat them rightly they will give you flowers through the winter, the single being profuse bloomers in the house. When they become exhausted cut back, fertilize, and they will soon commence again. Give full exposure to sun and plenty of water, for if allowed to become dry it will blast the buds.—CATHY M.

The editor will be glad of letters upon the subject of flower gardening, and also to have any questions asked in regard to the matter.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

INDEPENDENCE, KAN.

Clarence Goodell,	Florence Knapp,
Maud Baily,	Mamie Goodell,
Minnie Geoffrey,	Viola Stoker,
Maggie Winders,	Agnes Salathael,
Laura Scribner,	Girtie Scribner,
Mabel Elgin,	Jack Scribner,
Oliver Darnell,	Bertie Elgin,
Orin Elgin,	Albert Elgin,
Denny Elgin,	Eva McCoy,
Olive McCoy,	Emma Elgin,
Bertha Durand,	Stella Lewis,
J. M. Saathael,	Mary Salathael,
Girtie Wadman,	Eddie Wadman,
Neil Wadman,	Burt Bailey,
Rosa Adams.	

FALLSBURG, OHIO.

K. A. Bancroft,	Otto Varner,
Eva Ikehorn,	Ada Priest,
Etta Winces,	Otto Miller,
Alta Ikehorn,	Dora Myers,
Samuel Miller,	Arthur Beckham,
Gertrude Beckham,	Helen Jones,
Leroy Jones,	Homer Priest.
Ella Myers,	Ella Butler,
Walter Fairall,	J. C. Miller,
Henry Varner,	Glen Cooksey,
Homer Cooksey,	Bessie Ikehorn,
Freddie Baughman,	Daniel Myers,
Stella Stradley,	Lulu Jones.

SENECA CENTER, N. Y.

Elmer S. Thompson.

SHELDON, IOWA.

Sandy Brewster,	Edith Brewster,
Nelly Allen,	John M. Allen,
	Robert Brewster.

READING, KAN.

Theresa Tillippil,	Dora Bryan,
Nema Wright,	Fannie Rees,
Olive Sparks,	Ida Schlobohm,
Mollie Arnold,	Jessie Best,
Mary Hopkins,	Nettie Ryan,
Sarah Rees,	Gertie Johnson,
Lottie Du Fraine,	Charlie Holliday,
Mabel Taylor,	Nellie Tillippil.

TOPEKA, KAN.

Rosamond Loveland.

HUMBOLDT, NEB.

Boyd Unkifer,	Mary Strunk,
Chas. Beery,	Nettie Sheed,
Daisy Smutz,	Francis Fry,
Bessie Hollman,	Bertha Novak,
George Joseph,	Susan Reveile,
Beryl Drake,	Ora Witwer,
Gertrude Gird,	Lottie Butterfield,
Ora Outch,	Maud Bacon,
Minnie Butterfield,	Lester Allen,
Kate Woods,	G. W. Marburger,
Nellie Clift,	C. N. Hummel,
Oma Fergits,	Louis Segrist,
Nellie Clift,	Nacy Frank,
Lottie McDowell,	Mary Blumer,
Lotta Keedwell,	Virgil Patterson,
Carrie Corlett,	Pearl Clark,
Frank Dewease,	Mary Bomberger.
Orma Hull,	Lydia Fetchers,
Della Segrist,	Celia Reveile,
Lula Hansell,	Josie Graves,
Natalie Jones,	Lizzie Porter,
Lora Stratton,	Dejia Weisner,
Jennie Fellers,	Myrtle Tinker,
Julia Corlett,	Emily Saunders.

Names this week, 126. Total, 32,331.

The above embraces all names received up to April 11.

FREE THOROUGHFARE.

In hollow trees
Live white owls, chipmunks, bats and bees.
If I were a chipmunk, bat or bee,
I'd pack my stores in an empty tree!

Under the ground
Ants and lizzies and snakes are found;
And truth! the snake with a leathern skin
Needs a cellar to hide him in!

By the brook's brink,
Splash! go the beaver, muskrat, mink.
Clasped in a doublet close as he,
A beaver's hut were the place for me!

High o'er the rocks,
Lord of his watch-tower, dwells the fox;
Were I more fleet than the West wind is,
I'd have a staircase steep as his!

Of nose and beak,
Teeth and tail, it were long to speak;
Every creature I much admire,
Who lives in winter and needs no fire,

Whome'er one meets
Has roofed his chamber and paved his streets;
Yet all of their wits, not one, you see,
Had learned the secret of toil and levy.
—[Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Young People.

CHAPTER VII.

Not one word escaped Rigdon's lips as to how he had been injured. Hardly a groan did he utter all day long as he lay there upon the floor. Nap had pulled down a mattress or rather a coffee sack filled with straw and small pieces of hemlock branches, and his father had dragged himself, inch by inch, upon it.

Napoleon did the cooking, though it required but very little skill to prepare the plain and simple food for himself, as his father would eat nothing.

The door was left open during the day, and the sunshine made the room much more cheerful than when closed.

It was unspeakably lonesome, for Rigdon said nothing, and Nap did not feel like asking him questions concerning the accident. Had he chosen now he might have escaped easily. There could be no pursuit, and even Farmer Hudson could not find him with the start he already had.

Undoubtedly failing to find him after so long a time had elapsed, the search had ended, and the officers returned, baffled, without the tin box, and the drover's bank notes and the gold pieces.

Coming into the Castle suddenly on the third day after his father was hurt, Nap started forward, and then halted, scarcely moving or breathing. His father had dragged himself from the couch and was endeavoring to pry with the hatchet, which Nap had left near by, a plank from the floor. It took but a second for him to understand why his father was doing this. There could be no question now in the mind of the boy, that beneath that plank was the tin box, and the money for which he had risked so much.

Stepping cautiously back upon the yielding earth which betrayed no sound, he again came forward, and with a cheery whistle stood upon the doorstep. His father had dropped the hatchet at the sound of his approach, and was seemingly in reach of a stick of wood which rested only a few feet beyond him.

Rigdon slept that night for the first time since he came to the Castle, wounded. He slept with that soundness which is heralded by deep and full breathing and by no stirring of any muscle whatever.

Waiting patiently for this moment to come, Nap crept to the plank in the darkness.

He had marked it with a splinter before the sunset had brought on the twilight and with much of an effort pried up the heavy plank.

He felt in the dark and musty place again and again, but no box responded to his touch. Then he thought perhaps his father was shrewd enough to bury it, and he probed the soil with a stick.

The dull clink of some metal responded. With an exclamation of surprise repressed, he dug his fingers into the dirt and drew up the little tin box.

Just at that moment his father awoke. The fire, which had burned low, flared up fitfully and filled the room with subdued light. Rigdon saw all in an instant. With a terrible oath he threw himself into a sitting posture.

"What are you doing?" he cried.

Nap did not reply.

"Put down that box!"

But Nap only retreated toward the fireplace."

The room had grown dark.

"You will never leave this room alive with that box," shouted Rigdon, dragging himself like a helpless animal to the door, where he sat glaring with wild eyes at his son.

CHAPTER VIII.

If a stranger had entered Townville on that July morning, he would have thought some great celebration was about to take place. It was very early when children from every quarter came pouring down the few streets; wagons drove in from the country, loaded with more children, all walking or driving to the one little white church, with green blinds, on the hillside. The girls' dresses were of the whitest and brightest, the monotony varied now and then by a bright red or blue print, or perhaps figured calico or delaine, and the boys

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

OUR PRESENT ABLE CONGRESS.

Well Known Books Printed as Speeches From Members.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—If the *Congressional Record* is a trustworthy source of information, the House has recently been regaled with various speeches without the members having the benefit of the erudition contained therein.

If this veracious chronicler can be relied upon, Mr. Milliken, of Maine, on April 6, delivered a speech on the wool bill and included in his remarks 13 pages of close print reviewing the protection question from "Plymouth Rock to McKinley."

Two days later, according to the same authority, Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, included the publication of "Protection or Free Trade," a book the author of which is generally supposed to be Henry George, and three days afterwards (on the same authority) Mr. Bolliver, of Iowa, delivered a few remarks in which he inserted several columns of extracts from the New York *Tribune* relative to the letter sent it by Roswell G. Horr. It is not known what books will be published to-morrow on the government presses.

Bland After Senator Palmer.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—(Special.)—Bland yesterday took the floor to reply in a twenty minutes' speech to a letter written by Senator Palmer, in which the latter took grounds against the free coinage bill. It is expected this will emphasize the contest between the silver people and Palmer, which may have an important bearing on Palmer's Presidential prospects.

The Chinese Bill.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Mr. Dolph, from the committee on Foreign Relations, has reported back the House bill for the absolute exclusion of Chinese—with the Senate bill as a substitute for it, and has given notice that he will call it up as soon as possible.

Will Visit New York.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The President and several of his Cabinet will visit New York on the 27th inst., to take part in the ceremonies incident to the laying of the cornerstone of the Grant monument.

Reported Much Better.

WASHINGTON, April 18. — Secretary Tracey is confined to his home with bronchial trouble.

Mrs. Harrison is reported to be better this morning.

52D CONGRESS — FIRST SESSION.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Senate—Senator Stewart made a speech on his resolution regarding silver. The joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution to provide for the election of senators by the people was taken up, and Mr. Chandler opposed it, basing his opposition on the absence of a free ballot in some Southern states.

House—Cooper, of Indiana, rose to a personal explanation regarding charges that he had used his position to influence the Pension office, and made a desperate attack on Commissioner Raum. The naval appropriation bill was then discussed. The urgency deficiency appropriation bill was passed, carrying $1,012,839.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Senate.—The committee on Foreign Relations reported back the Senate bill as a substitute for the anti Chinese bill. It continues the present law, which expires on May 5, in force for ten years longer. Placed on calendar. Mr. Morgan addressed the Senate on free silver coinage. Bills passed: To reorganize the infantry and artillery of the regular army; authorizing an exploration and survey of the interior of Alaska; to establish lineal promotion in the regular army; allowing promotions of enlisted men to second lieutenant; for a $60,000 public building at Grand Island, Neb.; to amend the railroad land forfeiture acts so as to permit actual settlers to purchase the lands within three years after forfeiture; for the relief of purchasers of timber lands and stone lands under the act of June 3, 1878. To provide for fixing a uniform standard of classification and grading of wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye; for the preservation and custody of the records of the volunteer military forces of the United States (now in the pension office in the War department.)

House—Bill passed granting right of way through the Indian territory to Gainesville, Oklahoma & Gulf railroad. The naval appropriation bill was discussed in committee of the whole. The item of $250,000 for a dry dock at Algiers, La., was stricken out. A long discussion followed on Holman's motion to strike out the item for the construction of a $5,000,000 dock at Brooklyn. Mr. Boutelle offered an amendment for two fast sea-going coast line battle ships of a displacement of about 10,000 tons, at a cost not exceeding $4,000,000 each. Adjourned without action.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Senate—Resolutions presented from Boston merchants asking repeal of the silver law of 1890, they fearing danger of dropping to the silver standard from its operations. Bills passed: Appropriating $25,000 for the foundation and pedestal for a bronze statue of Christopher Columbus, at the west entrance of the Capitol grounds on Pennsylvania avenue (where the peace monument now stands); providing for the privileges of the free delivery of mails to cities and towns with a population of not less than 5,000, and where the postoffice gross receipts for the previous year amounted to $9,000 or more; to amend and establish the circuit courts of appeals. The bill to facilitate the disposition of causes in the court of claims was discussed without action.

House—The naval appropriation was discussed in committee of the Whole without action.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, the amended bill to promote the safety of national banks was reported from the Senate. It was referred to the committee on Banking and Currency, which is believed to indicate it will not pass. The bill for the relief of the heirs of H. H. Sibley, inventor of the Sibley tent, was discussed all day without action. There was the usual farce of an evening session for considering private pension bills, without any result.

The action of the Democrats of the House, in making free trade books parts of their speeches, and publishing them in full as part thereof in the *Congressional Record*, is to be sharply brought to the attention of the people by the Republicans, who will, in the same manner, print in the *Record* a number of protection pamphlets and editorials.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The Senate was not in session.

House—Bill passed: Granting right of way to the Manistee & Western Railroad Co. through the Menominee reservation, Wisconsin. The House considered the naval appropriation bill in committee of the whole.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Senate—Bill introduced to prevent the postmaster general from making mail contracts with steamer lines which made discriminations between United States ports as to carrying imports.

The reason given by Mr. Vest, its introducer, was that the United States and Brazil Steamship company, one of the subsidized lines under the act providing for special contracts for carrying foreign mails, had refused to deliver coffee imported from Brazil at the port of Newport News, and that it had been largely circulated in the public prints that the president and principal owners of the line had publicly announced that the company would not hereafter deliver imported coffee at that port on account of objections made to such delivery by merchants of the city of New York. The remainder of the day's business was unimportant.

House—The most of the day was spent in committee of the Whole on the naval appropriation bill. When the committee rose, Mr. Holman moved to recommit the bill with instructions to the committee on Naval Affairs to report it back with the clause incorporated in his original amendment for the construction of three additional $2,500,000 ships and ten torpedo boats at $120,000 each. The motion was defeated—yeas 61, nays 154.

NOTES FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

A letter has been received from Representative Springer at Virginia Beach stating that his condition continues to improve and he has gained twelve pounds since he left Washington.

The postoffice appropriation bill was completed to-day by the House committee on Postoffices and will be reported to the House in a few days. Its aggregate of appropriations is in the neighborhood of $80,000,000.

The Department of State has received further advices from Victoria, B. C., as to the success attending the fleet of vessels now engaged in hunting seals on the Pacific. The steamer Mystery, which was organized to take off the skins, secured by the vessels now at sea, has returned, and the total catch to date received at Victoria, is reported to be 4,560.

After a conference with the various parties interested in the great international naval review to be held in Hampton Roads and New York harbor in April, 1893, Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, will, on Monday, introduce in the Senate an amendment to the naval appropriation bill appropriating $800,000 to cover the expenses of the review and the entertainment of the official guests of the nation who will accompany the foreign fleets.

Well Known Nurse Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Mrs. Sarah J. Richards, surgeon general's nurse in charge of Field hospitals of the Second Army Corps during the war of the rebellion, is dead in this city, aged 72 years.

SISSETON RESERVATION.

Settled In Less Than One Hour—Graphic Pen Picture of the Great Rush—No Disturbance Reported.

BROWN'S VALLEY, April 16.—The sharp, clear note of a bugle at noon, the almost simultaneous crack of a carbine, than a volley from the whole far-reaching line of cavalry as the signal was taken up and carried in a reverberating report to thousands of waiting ears, a few more halting shots becoming fainter as the distance increased, and the Sisseton reservation was opened. The military withdrew from the border and rejoined their respective companies. Five hundred teams plunged forward. Horses snorted and started madly across the prairie with their riders, regardless of trail or direction. A cavalryman fell from his horse and his revolver discharged at random. The horseback riders soon took the lead. Then came a powerful team of black horses, which seemed good for a ten-mile run. The crowd was soon left behind. In this buggy was Miss Burnett, a young lady graduate of the University of Minnesota. She and her brother were off for the new town site, and as the long cavalcade of plunging horses disappeared over the hill in the distance, the swift black team was still ahead. Far up the lake a large party was crossing in boats. Indian teams were waiting on the bank about the water. The only success in entering the reserve five miles ahead of the crowd scattered along the road from Brown's Valley.

Yet even others got a better start than those on the lake. The cavalry had scoured the country yesterday, and many were driven off the reservation, but during the night they had returned and others with them. When the long-awaited signal came from the bugle all along the course of the Minnesota river, from ravines hitherto held to be unpopulated, from every spot bordering on the reserve that could shelter a man, horse or wagon, there sprang hordes of home-seekers and they led the race for homes. It was estimated that about 1,000 made the rush from Brown's Valley.

Watertown was deserted early in the day by all but the tired and men who had places in the line of fliers. A rush was made early in the day to crush out the head of the line, but it was unsuccessful. Three thousand dollars was paid this morning for the first place in line. The party holding it has remained at the door of the land office since last Saturday evening. The 126th place sold for $200.

The opening occurred without a slip and without disturbance. Shortly before 12 o'clock a rope was stretched beside the line and a squad of militia and twenty special policemen were stationed in a position to command the entire line. At exactly 12 o'clock Lee Stover, a local attorney having purchased first place, was admitted and filed one declaratory and tendered the filing of 110 others, which were rejected. His business was completed in one and a half minutes and number two admitted. At 1 o'clock 102 filings had been made, and the speed was being constantly accelerated, so that it is thought the entire line was through by night. Most of the attorneys are following Stover's plan and tendering all of their declaratories simultaneously, but a few tender only one and are found again in line at the rear. From first to last there has been no breach of the peace—a fact which indicates the splendid character of the new settlers. There is as yet an unconfirmed report of the killing of a squatter in Grant county, but no particulars of this or any other serious trouble have yet been received. Conservative estimates place the number of settlers who went on the reservation to-day at 2,500, while others insist over 3,000 have located.

At 11:55 Capt. Allison announced to the crowd of over 5,000 at Watertown that he would give the signal in precisely five minutes by his watch, and advised all to be careful and not run into each other, keep cool and avoid accidents in the rush, if possible.

At precisely 12 he fired the shot and the rush was on. From the boundary line to the bluffs, a mile distant, the land is level as a floor with gradual rise toward the West and it was across this plane that the pretty race took place. Of course, those on horses, soon left others in the rear. One party was thrown out of his buggy at the start and the team ran away, but a cavalryman caught the horses and the occupants were soon following the crowd. By 1 o'clock nearly every land seeker that had made the start from Wheaton was holding a quarter section of land. It is claimed that in the vicinity of those that started from that point broke sod on their claims from 15 to 20 minutes from the time the signal was given. Every person that wanted a claim secured one, and there seems to be plenty of vacant land left.

THE WYOMING WAR.

Rustlers Gre Knocked Out by the Arrival of the Soldiers—Sheriff Demands the Prisoners, but is Refused.

BUFFALO, Wyo., April 16.—There are no new developments in the cattlemen's war. Yesterday the sheriff demanded the prisoners from the commanding officers at Fort McKinney, but Col. Van Horne refused to give them up, as his orders are to hold and protect them until further instructed. The county residents are remaining in the city.

The bodies of Champion and Ray were brought into town and viewed at the undertaker's. The former has two bullets in his body, while the remains of Ray are unrecognizable. His legs and head were entirely consumed, leaving nearly the charred body and trunk. The sight of the bodies caused the most intense feeling. The community has shown itself to be remarkable for its patience and order. No trouble is feared unless it is obvious that justice is to be defeated.

Tom Kozee, who is foreman of the Murphy Cattle Co., and Fay Parker, one of the prisoners, who is manager of the above outfit, said the prisoners had on them that they had any quantity of money, and could buy themselves out. Sim Parker yesterday received a letter from a stranger, offering $5,000 if needed. The prisoners appeared neither sorry nor worried about their crimes. The only dangerous idea the people have is that the invaders have so much worith at command and so many friends at court that they will escape punishment. The special guard house resembles a hotel or summer resort. The prisoners run themselves upon the plazza, board at the Janteen restaurant, and are escorted to and from their meals by a file of guards.

BIG DECREASE IN COTTON ACREAGE.

Bad Weather Also Reported and a Short Crop Expected.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 16.—The *Republic* recently sent out circulars throughout four states of the cotton belt, for the purpose of gaining information regarding the next cotton crop. The circulars were not sent broadcast throughout the cotton belt, but to parties whose knowledge would be relied upon as full and accurate and in no case misleading.

In reply to these circulars the *Republic* this morning publishes reports from about 80 counties, all showing bad weather and decreased acreage. There is but one exception, that being furnished by Cleburne county, in Arkansas, which reports an increase of 120 acres in the acreage planted. Every other county reports large decreases, and every county with the exception of two report worse cotton weather than this time last year.

The grand result is that out of more than 3,200 plantations reported in the returns from Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee, there is a decrease in acreage of more than 40,000 acres, which is an average decrease of about 30 per cent from their crops of last year.

AMERICAN WORKINGMEN WELL OFF

As Compared With Their Brethren in Europe—A Frenchman's View.

NEW YORK, April 18.—M. Paul Deschanel, the young member of the French chamber of deputies, who was sent to this country a few months ago by his government to investigate the condition and development of labor organizations and labor questions generally in the United States, sailed for France on the steamship La Gascoine on Saturday morning. On shipboard on the evening of sailing he talked of his errand here.

"The American laboring classes," said he "are far better paid, better fed, better clothed, better taught and happier than those of France, and still more than those of other countries in Europe. It is almost discouraging to me to have to go back to my country and paint a picture in my report which shows such a contrast between the condition of things in America and in France. Why, the perfection of labor organizations here is years, I may say, dozens of years, in advance of anything which has been dreamed of in France."

Chinamen Arrested.

HELENA, Mont., April 19.—Deputy United States Marshal Ramsay, of Billings, yesterday arrested Ah Let and Ah Do, Chinamen, charged with the murder of Yum Lee, another Chinaman, on the Crow reservation, last October. The latter was found dead in his cabin October 25, with his head split open and all his money, $900, missing.

Johann Most Free.

NEW YORK, April 19.—At 8 o'clock Johann Most, leader of the New York Reds and editor of the leading anarchist paper devoted to the interests of the more advanced members of the faith that believe in the use of force to win their political battles, will be freed from Blackwell's Island.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

STATE CONVENTIONS.

Pennsylvania Democrats.

HARRISBURG, April 13.—As early as 10 o'clock this morning delegates to the Democratic state convention began to assemble. The convention was rapped to order by Chairman Wright, at 12:10, John R. Read, of Philadelphia, nominated Congressman Beltzhoover for temporary chairman and he was elected unanimously. After thanking the convention for the honor conferred upon him, Mr. Beltzhoover made a brief speech of the usual tenor.

Temporary organization was then completed by the selection of the usual committees.

HARRISBURG, April 14.—After the Democratic state convention effected its organization, yesterday afternoon, a platform endorsing Grover Cleveland was adopted.

The work of choosing the party candidates then began. Christian Heydrick, of Venango, was nominated for judge of the Supreme court by acclamation. George A. Allen, of Erie, and Mayor Thomas P. Merritt, of Reading, were named as the candidates at large for Congress. The four electors at large named were: Mortimer F. Elliott, Tioga; John C. Bullitt, Philadelphia; Thos. B. Kennedy, Franklin; David T. Watson, Allegheny.

Vermont Republicans.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 13.—The Republican state convention for the election of delegates to the national convention, at Minneapolis, was held here today.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 14.—The Republican state convention selected Hon. Henry Powers, of Morrisville, to head the delegation to Minneapolis. The other delegates at large selected are L. D. Hazen, of St. Johnsbury; Col. George Childs, of St. Albans, and Col. Fred E. Smith, of Montpelier. Alternates: A. A. Fletcher, of Middlebury; Nathan Hobson, of Brighton; Jefferson R. Judson, of Arlington, and O. B. Boyce, of Barre.

The following platform was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we recognize in the well-known principles that have guided the Republican party in its illustrious career a safe rule of action for the government of its future policy.

"That the Republicans of Vermont regard protection for American industries, an honest dollar and an honest ballot, the leading considerations, deserving continued and earnest national indorsement.

"That we indorse the administration of President Harrison as pure and progressive, and in the treatment of foreign questions broadly and courageously American."

Florida Republicans.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., April 14.—The Republican state convention met in the Opera-house with 212 delegates present, about half of them white. After a spirited fight and much speech-making Seth E. Cole (colored), of Jacksonville, was elected temporary chairman, Mr. Mitchell, of Nassau (colored), and Messrs. Rush and Knapp (white) were elected secretaries.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 15.—The Republican state convention finally elected delegates-at-large to the Minneapolis convention. They are instructed to vote for Benjamin Harrison for President as long as his name appears before the convention. The McKinley bill is endorsed and regret is expressed that the force bill was not passed.

The Democratic election law in Florida is spoken of in bitter terms as dishonorable, and the platform closes by declaring that in view of the present ballot box law, it is deemed useless to place any Republican ticket in the field this year, either national, congressional or state.

Nebraska Democrats.

OMAHA, Neb., April 14.—After an annoying delay of over two hours, the Democratic state convention was called to order at 9:45 last night, in Exposition hall. The delay was caused by trouble over the credentials of delegates, Chairman Gorden, of the State Central committee, called the convention to order, and named R. R. Baily, of Hastings, as temporary chairman, and G. R. Glover, of Brown county, as temporary secretary.

Chairman Baily contented himself with thanking the convention, but a casual allusion to Cleveland brought the delegates to their feet with enthusiasm, and a ratification of the action of the Nebraska delegation. A motion to refer to the committee on credentials immediately precipitated a lively contest over the two delegates from Douglas county, in which Omaha is located. One delegation favored the selection of Governor Boyd as delegate-at-large to the Chicago convention, and the other delegation opposed him, preferring E. Martin, one of the Nebraska World's Fair commissioners.

The fight between the Boyd and Martin factions in the Democratic state convention, was continued all night before the committee on credentials. After a brief respite the struggle was renewed in committee at 8 a. m., and the convention, which adjourned until 9 o'clock, was kept waiting all the morning by the failure of the credentials committee to separate.

OMAHA, April 15.—After the Democratic state convention effected a permanent organization yesterday, delegates were selected for the Chicago convention, headed by Governor Boyd. After the reading of the resolutions, Congressman Bryan offered a resolution favoring the free coinage of silver.

Immediately there was an uproar, and the convention, which had been unusually quiet during the afternoon session, became boisterous. Congressman Bryan spoke in favor of his resolution, declaring it to be good Democratic doctrine, and one of the planks in the platform on which Governor Boyd was elected. He was supported by the delegates from the western part of the state, where the independents are strongest, but the other prominent leaders were against him. After a hot debate, lasting three hours, the rail was called.

The silver men believing they were victorious raised a great shout. When Chairman Beatty announced the defeat of the resolution by 329 to 247, pandemonium became loose. The silver men made a rush for the stage, and mounting the reporters' table they shrieked that they were beaten by fraud. Fifty men were struggling on the platform at one time, but finally quiet was restored, and the result of the vote as announced was verified.

Virginia Republicans.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 14.—The Republican state convention, which is in progress here to-day, promises to develop into a Harrison love feast. All the districts have elected Harrison delegates, and those to be chosen to-day to represent the state-at-large will undoubtedly voice the same sentiment.

The convention met at noon with J. W. Lyons, of Augusta, as temporary chairman. After preliminary organization, an adjournment was taken till afternoon.

North Carolina Republicans.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 14.—The district conventions have made matters easy for the state Republican convention, which met at noon and was called to order by John R. Eaves, chairman of the state executive committee. In addressing the convention Mr. Eaves referred to the Alliance defection movement in the Democratic ranks and predicted that the Republican party would give the Democrats a close contest in the state in the coming campaign. At the conclusion, Mr. Eaves announced as temporary chairman of the convention, the name of James H. Young, colored, collector of the port of Wilmington, who took the chair and addressed the convention.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 15.—John B. Eaves was re-elected chairman of the State Republican Executive committee at a late hour after a heated and exciting battle. No state ticket was nominated.

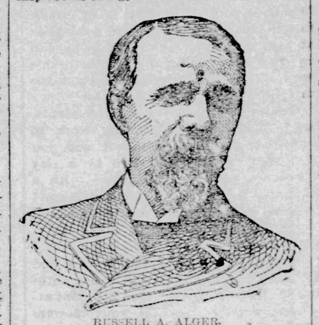
Michigan Republicans.

DETROIT, April 15.—The Republican convention held in this city yesterday wound up in a blaze of glory by placing Michigan's favorite son, Gen. Russell A. Alger, formally in the race for the Presidential nomination, and it was done with such a degree of unanimity as to allow no room for doubt as to the sincerity of Michigan Republicans.

Hons. M. C. Burch, of Kent; James M. Wilkinson, of Marquette; Chas. W. Wells, of Saginaw, and D. M. Ferry, of Detroit, were chosen delegates-at-large.

The following ringing resolutions were then presented:

"The Republicans of Michigan feel a common pride with their compatriots throughout the Union over the continued gratifying success of the great principles which have inspired its energy and controlled its actions



RUSSELL A. ALGER.

since the organization of the party. We review with profound satisfaction the record it has made in the past and the unparalleled achievements so conducive to the welfare of the country, so creditable to its citizenship and so manifest in its broad character and statesmanship. Admiration of this uninterrupted progress under its auspices toward an ideal government of the people, by the people and for the people, is not less thorough and no less gratifying than the prospects for further advantage and future triumphs.

"We most heartily indorse the glorious work of the Republican majority in the Fifty-first Congress of the United States and will do all in our power to uphold and sustain the victories already won for the grand triple policy of protection, reciprocity and honest money.

"In the language of the Republican National platform of 1888, we demand effective legislation by Congress to secure the integrity and purity of national elections, and that our representatives in the United States Congress do all in their power to secure a law which will give to every elector a free ballot, and to see a fair count.

"We heartily approve the forceful, fearless and dignified policy of the administration of Benjamin Harrison, who has been ably assisted in all his sagacious and loyal endeavors by that noble patriot and statesman, James G. Blaine, in the promulgation of true and progressive American principles.

"While the Republicans of Michigan recognize the sterling worth and ability of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Gen. Russell A. Alger, whose claims to recognition as a Presidential standard bearer have so familiar to the people of this nation, since his name was presented to the convention at Chicago in 1884, we can safely leave to the collective judgment of the representatives of the national convention, and that in the event of Cleveland's nomination being deemed inexpedient by that body the delegation shall do its utmost to secure Gray's election as the Presidential candidate.

Washington Republicans.

SEATTLE, Wash, April 15.—The Republican state convention chose as delegates to Minneapolis, Nelson Bennett, J. H. McGraw, A. J. Cannon, Wm. Kirkman, J. H. Clements, J. G. Perkins, Edward Eldridge, W. R. Davis.

The platform adopted endorses the administration of President Harrison, and reaffirms devotion of the party to all its well-known principles.

Gen. Alger—Quay.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—(Special)—There was quite a stir in political circles here to-day by the appearance of Gen. Alger. He insists that his visit is purely for the purpose of meeting with the Logan monument commission. He found time, however, to consult the few anti-Harrison men here, as to see what deal he can make, but with little success.

Secretary Foster's removal of Inspector Milhold, in New York, yesterday, has resulted in healing the dissatisfaction with the Miller-Bliss faction of Republicans there, while terms have already been made with Platt.

Senator Quay's recent visit to the White House it is believed resulted in an adjustment of the Pennsylvania situation, so that Alger finds less material to work on than a month ago, before a certain class of politicians found it judicious to get under cover as they have been doing recently, and goes away pretty much discouraged.

SENATOR HILL, THE DICTATOR.

Out of the Race Himself, He Will Name the Nominee.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 18.—The *Telegram* says that Senator Hill is not likely to be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination this year, but that if the Chicago convention cannot agree on any of the candidates, Hill's name will be laid before it.

If President Harrison is renominated, the *Telegram* says, that neither Hill nor Cleveland could carry New York state, and that Gov. Flower is the only man whose availability as a candidate cannot be questioned.

JERSEY CITY GOES REPUBLICAN.

The City Long Democratic Passes From Their Control.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 13.—The charter election in Jersey City was bitterly contested by both sides. The mayoralty, for a term of five years, was at stake, and this, under the present city charter, means absolute control for the party in power.

The principal candidates for mayor were Alan L. McDermott, Democrat; P. F. Wanser, Republican, and R. F. McLaughlin, Independent Democrat. The Socialistic, Labor and Prohibitionist parties also had candidates in the field. The race admittedly lay between McDermott and Wanser.

Returns from all the election precincts of the city, with the exception of six, give the following vote for mayor: Wanser, (Rep.) 14,629; McDermott, (Dem.) 14,372; Wanser's majority, 3,337. These six precincts returns may change these figures slightly, but can in no way alter the result.

In the charter election at Patterson, N. J., four Republicans, three Democratic and one Independent aldermen were elected. The board of Freeholders will be Republican.

Republicans Win in Cohoes, N. Y.

TROY, N. Y., April 13.—The Cohoes Republicans elect Henry A. Strong mayor, and William B. Leroy police commissioner, and carry two of the five wards, with a tie on alderman in another.

The ballot boxes of the Fourth ward, which were taken to the police station when special policemen raided the polling places yesterday afternoon, are still held there, but the Republican candidate for mayor has a plurality of 3-0, not counting this ward, which is a strong Republican ward. If the ward should be thrown out Republicans still elect their city ticket. It is said that one of the chief causes of the police raid and the seizure of the ballot boxes was a large amount of money bet on whether Garside or Gorman, the rival Democratic candidates, would receive the larger vote.

Tammany at Chicago.

NEW YORK, April 14.—The Tammany executive committee has made arrangements for the trip to the Democratic national convention in Chicago on May 22. One thousand men have been provided for by the New York Central railroad, and 500 by the Pennsylvania. In Chicago 350 men will stop at the Leland Hotel, 150 at the Auditorium and 600 at McCoy's. A band of music will accompany the delegation.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN FLOODS.

Great Loss of Life and Property in Alabama.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 14.—The *Picayune's* West Point, Miss., special says: Reports sent out from this point of the devastation caused by the late washouts have not been at all exaggerated, but in fact underestimated. Destruction both of property and life has been awful, and the end is not yet reached. The Mobile & Ohio, Georgia Pacific and Illinois Central have all been blocked up for the past seven days, but the first named is now able to get two trains a day through.

The damage done on the Mobile & Ohio in this county alone will not fall short of $10,000, while the other two roads have been each damaged at least twice that sum. The first train for seven days on the Georgia Pacific passed through here to-day, but did not go as far as Columbus. On account of the high water still prevailing on the Illinois Central a week will be required to get upeven a temporary track. There are reports of loss of life along that riven in this county, all the drowned being negroes. Much stock has been drowned and houses washed away and planting retarded.

Reports continue to come of the great damage to the property and life in Columbus and on the river near that city. All the wires are down from that city and business is being sent through this office which yet has a short wire in that direction over the Georgia Pacific. The damages to bridges, stock, buildings and crops in this county will reach $100,000.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Its Net Income will be Seven and One-Half Million Dollars.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Gen. St. Clair continued his argument this morning before the House World's Fair committee in favor of the bill making an appropriation of $7,000,000 for the fair. He argued that the government should be responsible for the cost of dedication, the award of medals and premiums. He said the government would be fully protected in making the appropriation, for the net income to the exposition would certainly be $7,500,000, and the government would be the first preferred creditor and get back its loan before any other disposition of the receipts was made. The people of Chicago did not want the appropriation for the administration of the fair but to complete its buildings and grounds by the time the exposition is opened.

He referred to the loan of a million and a half to the Philadelphia centennial and the decision of the Supreme court in the constitutionality of the loan when the centennial directors refused, at its close to reimburse the government. The government after loaning the Philadelphia centennial that amount could hardly decline to grant the amount now needed, in view of the great scope and magnitude of the undertaking.

Miss Edwards Dead.

LONDON, April 18.—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the well known novelist and lecturer, whose serious illness was announced several weeks ago, is dead.

Amelia B. Edwards was born in England in 1835. She wrote many novels, among which were "Barbara's History," "Half a Million of Money" and "Debenham's Vow." She traveled extensively in Egypt, and wrote intelligently on the archaeology of that country. She also visited the United States a few years ago.

Senator Evarts's Affliction.

NEW YORK, April 18.—"Ex-Senator Wm. M. Evarts is threatened with blindness." That was the statement made at his home by his son, Sherman Evarts. For the past year Mr. Evarts has been suffering with an impairment of his vision, due apparently to weakness of the optic nerve. He has been practically unable to read for all that time. "My father's eyesight," said Sherman Evarts, "is certainly failing, and he has been told by specialists that in time he may be totally blind."

Saloon Men Organize.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, April 14.—The saloon men who have been driven out of business by the strict enforcement of the prohibition law, have effected an organization, employed three lawyers, and will endeavor to stop all business on Sunday. They will not allow cars to be run, newspapers to be sold, or any other kind of business to be done. Their executive committee states they will begin operations at once.

Deeming is Shamming.

MELBOURNE, Victoria, April 18.—The members of the medical board, the appointment of which was conceded by the Colonial government, at the request of the counsel of Deeming, for the purpose of making an inquiry into Deeming's mental condition, expresses the opinion that the prisoner is shamming insanity.

New Irrigating Canal.

TUCSON, A. T., April 14.—A contract has been completed for the construction of an irrigating canal and reservoirs in Santa Cruz valley. The canal will be 70 miles long and 40 feet wide at the bottom; 300,000 acres of land will be reclaimed. The cost of construction is estimated at $1,200,000. The enterprise is wholly backed by English capital.

Will Celebrate May Day.

BRUSSELS, April 19.—The labor party here has arranged to celebrate May day by festive gatherings in Leopold park, which the burgomaster has placed at their disposal. No trouble of any kind is anticipated.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

His Death at Toronto Sunday Morning—A Useful Career.

TORONTO, Ont., April 18.—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie died at 12:40 Sunday morning.

He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1822, and came to Canada in 1842. In business he was a builder, and then the

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

publisher of a newspaper. In politics he was a Liberal. He first entered parliament in 1861, when he was elected to the united parliament of Upper and Lower Canada for the Lambton division. At the confederation, in 1867, he was elected to the Dominion parliament, and shortly afterward he was chosen leader of the Liberal party. On the overthrow of the McDonald administration in 1873 he succeeded to the premiership, and, with his party, remained in power until 1878, when the Liberals were defeated on a protection cry.

In 1875 he visited the mother country, when he was presented with the freedom of the Scottish towns of Irvine, Dundee and Perth. In 1881, on the occasion of a second visit to his native land, he was presented with the freedom of Inverness.

Hard work while in office had undermined his health, and he soon resigned the leadership. For ten years he had been in poor health, and in January last he became bedridden through a fall, which brought on paralysis. Recently it was thought he would recover from it, but he took a relapse, and for many days had been hovering between life and death.

HOME RULE NOT YET WON.

Existing Dissensions in the Irish Home Rule Parliamentary Party.

LONDON, April 14.—Commenting on the dissensions existing in the Irish parliamentary party, *Truth* says that Irishmen must remember that home rule is not won, adding: "We must obey a majority at the next elections and maintain it in the face of unscrupulous opposition. If the English seek to find the battle lost, owing to Irish dissensions, their determination to force home rule at the front will be weakened. Irishmen can rest assured that if Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill does not meet with their approval, no English statesman will dream of forcing it down their throats. If it is not frankly accepted as a final settlement of the Irish question there is not the slightest possibility that it will obtain a majority in the United Kingdom."

SOUTH AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

Siege at Rio Janeiro Raised—The Movement at Matto Grosso.

RIO JANEIRO, April 14.—The state of siege has been raised. An official announcement says that the siege is tranquil. It adds that the loyalty of the army enabled the authorities to frustrate the attempts made by the malcontents to disturb the peace.

The movement in Matto Grosso to declare that state independent of the federal government was the outcome of an organized plot, but the affair was of no importance, as the state is not able to uphold a rebellion. The whole country is tranquil. The energetic action of the government has given general satisfaction.

Salisbury's Contempt.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 14.—At the last session of Parliament an address was passed asking the British government to terminate certain provisions of the treaty between Great Britain, Germany and Belgium that Canada might be in a position to negotiate treaties with the United States and with other countries. Although seven months have passed, Sir John Thompson stated in parliament last night that no reply had been received, and the contempt with which Lord Salisbury had treated the appeal of the Dominion would be brought before Parliament next week.

Relieving Russian Sufferers.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 15.—The American agents having in charge the distribution of the flour, grain and provisions sent from the United States as a gift to the famine sufferers, have already relieved a host of sufferers in the province of Saratov. Through their distribution of grain over 20,000 horses, in addition to the peasants, have been provided with corn. Soup kitchens have been opened in 24 distressed districts and 40,000 persons are supplied with nourishing food free of cost. The peasants are also being supplied with seed grain.

Quiet at Guatemala.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—The Pacific Mail company's steamer, City of New York, from Panama and way ports, entered the harbor yesterday. Everything is reported quiet in San Salvador and Guatemala. Among the passengers were Mr. John Scott and the crew of the steamer West Indian, which run ashore near Acajutla several weeks ago. "In ten minutes after striking," said Scott, "the vessel was full of water."

Well-Known Writer Dead.

BERLIN, April 19.—Freidrich Martin Bodenstedt, the well-known German writer, died to-day. Among his prominent works are "The People of the Caucasus and Their Wars of Independence Against Russia," "Thousand and One Journeys in the Orient," and a drama, "Demetrius."

SNAP SHOTS AT THE OLD WORLD.

The legislature of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso has declared that state independent of the republic of Brazil.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that rumors are current that Germany will initiate international action to suppress anarchism.

An epidemic of cholerine prevails in the Nanterre penitentiary. Fifty-two deaths have occurred within a week and as many as twenty in a single day.

It is announced that Prince George of Wales, only son of the Prince of Wales, will make a visit to Canada in 1893. After visiting Quebec and Montreal and other places in the east, he will visit Chicago and attend the World's Fair.

M. Ricard, French minister of justice, has sent a letter to the prefects throughout France, directing them to report any disturbances that occur in the churches within their respective jurisdictions, and to forbid the priests to criticise the laws or the acts of the government.

A dispatch received at Lisbon from Rio Janeiro states that 28 radicals, who are supposed to have taken part in the recent disturbances that resulted in the government declaring a state of siege, have been banished to the province of Amazonas. Eighteen other radicals have been imprisoned at Rio Janeiro.

The *Times's* Madrid correspondent says that the difficulty regarding American missionaries in the Caroline islands has been satisfactorily arranged. Spain consents to the return of the missionaries to the islands, and agrees that they shall not be hampered in their missionary work, provided they do not interfere with local government matters or questions between the Island authorities and the natives.

A NEW CHILEAN MINISTER.

Senor Blest Gana Will Succeed Pedro Montt.

VALPARAISO, Chile, April 15.—Senor Blest Gana, to whom the Chilean government, a few days ago, offered the post of minister at Washington, to succeed Senor Pedro Montt, who will return here to enter Congress, has accepted the office. His appointment is subject to confirmation by the commission conservadore, which will meet on Monday.

Arose From the Sale of Slaves.

PARIS, April 14.—While the Senate yesterday was discussing the proposed grant for dispatching reinforcements to Dahomey and for carrying on the operations of the French troops in that country, M. Barbey, formerly minister of marine, asserted that King Behanzin's breach of treaty with France, arose from a sale of slaves to certain European powers.

No Alliance With Anarchists.

LONDON, April 19.—The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says that the chief of the St. Petersburg police has received an anonymous letter to the effect that the Nihilists have emphatically rejected Anarchist overtures for an alliance of forces.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

1892. 39 Kinds of Tomatoes.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

SAN DOMINGO

Gobbled Up by an American Company --A Most Remarkable International Transaction--Price Paid.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—San Domingo now belongs to the United States, and the deal will make a great stir in England and Germany.

The island has been sold to a private company in the United States and the price is nominally $3,500,000 in 5 per cent debentures, secured on the revenue from tobacco, etc. This concession has been sold by Westendorff, the well known banker of Amsterdam, representing Domingo bondholders. At present nothing remains but the signatures of the American representatives to complete the transaction, and secure to the United States an important harbor and coaling station.

The holder of this concession practically rules the republic, because he has the payment of all officials and receives the revenue of the tobacco monopoly. A striking feature is the statement made that the scheme has been approved by Blaine, and supported by Gould and Ogden Mills; that those gentlemen are going to spring it upon the United States as a campaign weapon, somewhat upon the lines that Beaconsfield secured control of the Suez canal for England. The transaction has been rushed through with unprecedented rapidity, the whole matter having been arranged within fourteen days.

Baron Von Olegar, the London company promoter, together with his solicitor, Watson Thomas, are awaiting the arrival of the American signatures. The former makes no disguise that the so-called private company is virtually the United States government, for in this manner it has become now and forever master of San Domingo.

OPPOSE IMPROVING THE NAVY.

The Democrats in the House Refuse to Vote Proper Moneys For Its Increase.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The House went on record yesterday against increasing the efficiency of the navy.

Mr. Boutelle's amendment for the construction of two additional battle ships and torpedo boats was rejected, 65 to 102, ten Democrats voting in the affirmative and no Republicans in the negative. Mr. Cummings, of New York, made an amendment for the construction of one battle ship and five torpedo boats. Lost—73 to 99. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, offered an amendment for the construction of two steel gunboats, at the cost of $500,000 each, and ten torpedo boats at $120,000 each. Lost—58 to 101.

Mr. Cummings then came forward with another amendment for the construction of four torpedo cruisers at $500,000 each, two light draught gunboats, $350,000 each, and two first-class torpedo boats, $120,000 each, but it met with a similar fate. The motion then recurring on Mr. Holman's motion to strike out the provision for the construction of one battle ship of 9,000 tons, was defeated, 85 to 120. Mr. Holman moved to strike out the provision for the new cruiser and to substitute therefor a provision for four torpedo boats. This motion was greeted by a remark from Mr. Bunnell that it would be well to make four row boats, while Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, thought rafts would be preferable. The motion was lost, 45 to 105. The committee then rose, and Mr. Boutelle moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to the committee on naval affairs to report it back, with a clause incorporated as in his original amendment for the construction of two battle ships at $4,000,000 and ten torpedo boats at $120,000 each. The motion was defeated, yeas 61, nays 134. Twenty-five Democrats voted in the affirmative.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

Italy was Paid $25,000 to the Victims of the Families.

LONDON, April 14.—A dispatch received here to-day from Rome says that a series of notes has passed between Mr. Blaine, the American secretary of state and Marquis Imperiali, Italian charge d'affaires at Washington, resulting in a settlement of the differences between Italy and the United States growing out of the lynching of Italians at New Orleans.

According to this dispatch, the Marquis Imperiali has announced to the Italian government that he has received from the United States government the sum of $25,000 for the families of the victims. This money, the Marquis adds, was accompanied by a note from Secretary Blaine in which the government declared that though the wrong was not committed directly by the United States, the latter nevertheless feels its solemn duty in the premises.

The note adds that the government of Italy he feels great pleasure that the national government should pay to Italy a satisfactory indemnity. In consequence of these instructions given to Mr. Blaine by President Harrison, the latter hopes that the arrangement will end the unfortunate incident; that the former good relations between the two countries will be firmly re-established, and that nothing in the future will occur to disturb such relations.

In his note replying to Mr. Blaine's communication, the Marquis Imperiali says that Italy had already, with pleasure, noted the terms in which President Harrison referred to the matter in his message at the opening of Congress. The marquis further says that Italy considers the indemnity sufficient without recourse to any actions at law that may be brought by the aggrieved parties. He also expresses the hope that the payment of the indemnity will result in the happy re-establishment of relations between the two governments.

The London Press.

LONDON, April 16.—The *Daily News* in addition to declaring that no sane being can doubt that the offer of indemnity for the New Orleans lynching made by the United States to Italy was dictated solely by a sense of right, says that the dignified observations of the New York *Herald*, *Tribune* and *Times* might profitably be studied by some organs of opinion on this side of the ocean.

The *News* pays a tribute to the statesmanlike attitude of Mr. Blaine who, it says, voluntarily offered to make compensation to Italy.

The *Globe* says that the heirs of the men lynched are very lucky. According to the non diplomatic view it is not to be assumed that Mr. Blaine intends to establish a precedent holding the federal government answerable to the delicts of every separate state. That would be carrying the withdrawal principle a degree farther than was ever thought of.

THE MODUS VIVENDI AT LAST.

It Was Not Laid Before the Senate in Open Session.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The modus vivendi for the protection of the Bering sea seal fisheries during the pendency of the arbitration which has been a subject of negotiation between Secretary Blaine and the British minister was brought to the capitol about 1 o'clock this afternoon. For some reason not now apparent it was under the injunction of secrecy and therefore was not laid before the Senate in open session.

Mr. Sherman, however, was notified by the President of the nature of the communication, and as soon as he could do so he moved that the Senate go into executive session. Accordingly the people were cleared out of the galleries, the doors were closed and then the seats were broken and the modus was read to the Senate.

The Senate at 1:40 p. m., on motion of Mr. Sherman, proceeded to executive business.

A Test on the Silver Question.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Indirectly there was a test of the strength of the silver men in the Senate to-day. The question came upon Mr. Kyle's motion to strike out of an Arizona funding bill a clause requiring payment of interest in gold or its equivalent in lawful money of the United States, and to insert "lawful money of the United States." The motion prevailed 28 to 24. Mr. Hill voted for it.

DEATH OF MR. ROSWELL SMITH.

President of the Century Company, this Morning.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Roswell Smith, the president of the Century Publishing company, died at 7:10 o'clock this morning at his home, No. 24 East Fifty-first street. Mr. Smith had been ill for the past three years of chronic Bright's disease, and during that time has had three paralytic strokes, the last of these occurring at the *Century* office last winter. For the past month he has been unconscious and last evening his physician, Dr. Timothy F. Allen, gave up all hope of his recovery.

The mikado of Japan has appointed a committee of seven members, including five leading noblemen, to report a draft of the revision of the treaties between Japan and the Western powers.

It is rumored that the second daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is be rotted to the Grand Duke of Hesse.

Baron Fava will be sent back to Washington by the Italian government.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

GENERAL U. S. NEWS

SHAKEN UP BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Several California Towns Badly Damaged This Morning.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 19.—The worst shock of earthquake since the memorable one of '68, occurred shortly before 5 o'clock this morning. The shock was perceptibly felt in San Francisco and Oakland, but no damage of any character is reported. In the city of Vacaville, 65 miles northwest of San Francisco, the disturbance was most severe. Vacaville has a population of 2,500 and a number of brick buildings.

Telegraphic communication with Vacaville and the adjoining town of Winters was cut off for some time, and reports reach this city that great damage has occurred at both points. Goods on shelves in store rooms were thrown on the floor in some instances, and a number of brick chimneys were toppled over. The residents of these and several adjoining towns showed alarm, many running out of the houses.

Every Building Down.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 19.—11 a. m.—The first telegram from Vacaville, Cal., indicates that nearly every brick building in town was shaken down, and nearly every brick chimney toppled over.

Felt at Stockton.

STOCKTON, Cal., April 19.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt at 2:30 this morning; no damage is reported, but the people were excited for a time; it was sharply felt at Nevada, Auburn, Chico and other places.

Entire Towns Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—It is reported here that the towns of Dixon, Winters and Vacaville were destroyed by earthquakes this morning. The wires to those places are damaged so that particulars have not been obtained.

POWDER WORKS LET GO.

Seven Men Blown to Atoms in a New Jersey Explosion--Horrible Mass of Human Flesh.

NEWARK N. J., April 19.—The works of the American Forcite Powder company, a short distance from the landing station at Lake Hopatcong, on the Morris & Essex railroad, blew up at shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and seven men were blown to atoms.

The killed are: J. D. Smith, superintendent of the works; Jacob Carlson, William Pierce, James Vach, A. Johnson, Godfrey Water, and an unknown Swede.

Besides these, two men were injured, one of whom, Benjamin Gassmore, will probably die. The works of the company consisted of a number of small buildings scattered at a distance of about three hundred feet from each other.

The nitro-glycerine mill was the first building to receive the shock of this explosion caused six other buildings to be rent asunder by their dangerous contents exploding. The report was terrific and was heard in the surrounding country for many miles. Buildings in the vicinity rocked as if on a stormy sea and in some instances appeared as if about to topple over.

The startled residents rushed from their houses to saw a cloud of dust and smoke flying through the air, near the lower part of the company's works. They knew instinctively what had happened and ran for the mountain walls for safety. Some of the large storage houses of the company, in which there were tons of the highest and deadliest explosives, might go up at any moment, and when several minutes had passed without their fears being realized, the people cautiously advanced to the scene of the explosion. The wreckage was found to be on fire and burning fiercely.

The workmen, if those present, seeing in this a new danger—there being a possibility that the flames might spread to the storage houses—again fled. The others, however, ran out the company's fire apparatus and water from a lake was used to fight the fire. In a short time the flames were under control, and then the wreckage scattered about was overhauled for the purpose of finding the bodies and bits of work in the buildings. Within a few minutes two men were found, both badly injured. The roll of the company's employes was then called, and it was found that seven men were missing.

These men are undoubtedly dead and a search was begun for their bodies. The searchers were mostly old employes of the company, and knew that a search like the present one it was useless to search among the ruins that remained. They found pieces of flesh and bones scattered over several acres of ground. After several hours' work the searchers had succeeded in gathering about 150 pounds of mangled flesh and bone, which is all that remains of the dead men. The cause of the explosion is not known, and the representative of the company on the scene said it would be impossible to ascertain it.

THE LOUISIANA STATE ELECTION.

A Much-Mixed Contest, With the Results Very Uncertain.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—The general election, state and municipal, is progressing quietly in this city, and throughout the state as far as heard from. A heavy vote is being polled and every precaution taken to preserve the peace. The weather is cloudy and warm. In this city all drinking saloons are closed, as the law directs. It looks as though the Republican ticket would pull through.

As far as can be learned the McEnery and Foster factions have not come into physical contact, although the feeling is intensely bitter, and there will undoubtedly be bloodshed. The Farmers' Alliance has also a full ticket in the field and is hopeful. Every vote in the state is being polled, and the lottery people seem now to have thrown their strength to the Republicans. Their one object is to be on the winning side. Accordingly the Republican candidates, particularly strong, and the chances are largely in favor of his election.

The McEnerytes say that, as Gov. Nichols had announced that he should be a free vote and a fair count, they intend to hold him strictly to his word, and that if any one is bulldozed, or if boxes are stuffed as formerly in the parishes, they will appeal to Congress for a committee of investigation.

It will take a week or more, perhaps, to tell precisely how the state has gone after the election is over. The third party is expected to poll 10,000 or 15,000 votes.

AN INTERESTING CONVENTION

Of the Christian Endeavorers to be Held in New York in July.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Preliminary arrangements are nearly completed for the eleventh International Christian Endeavor convention, which is to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, July 7 to 10. The first convention was held June 2, 1882, at Portland, Me., when there were only six societies and 481 members. The convention at Minneapolis last July represented 16,274 societies, with a membership of 1,008,980. By January 1 of this year the number of societies had increased to 18,500 societies and the membership to 1,100,000.

The prospects are that the convention this year will be larger than any hitherto held. Every state and territory will be represented and delegates will be present from many foreign lands. It is difficult at this time to estimate the number who will attend.

WILKES BOOTH'S DAUGHTER

Died at Binghamton—Always Wore Her Father's Likeness.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Rita Booth, who is said to have been the daughter of Wilkes Booth, the slayer of President Lincoln, and who for some years had been the wife of Al Henderson, the well known orchestra leader, died on Tuesday in Binghamton, N. Y., where she was playing in the company of Floy Crowell. The body was brought to this city, and the funeral will take place today.

Rita Booth wore always a medallion locket containing the likeness of the ill-fated Wilkes Booth.

BLAINE WILL ACCEPT,

If the Nomination is Practically Unanimous--A Political Story from New York.

NEW YORK, April 19.—(Special.)—The Plumed Knight, James G. Blaine, of Maine, is again in the race for the Presidency. A great political movement has taken place within the last 24 hours, which will greatly change the present political situation. It is that Secretary Blaine will accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency if the Republican party will nominate him at the national convention at Minneapolis in June with any degree of unanimity, and it comes from the highest authority.

It is stated that since he wrote his letter to Chairman Clarkson declining to allow his name to be presented before the convention and withdrawing from the race, his mail has brought him innumerable letters from prominent Republicans from all over the country, urging him to reconsider his decision and to become a candidate. The pressure became so great and forcible that he was unable to stand out any longer against the wishes of his friends and supporters and his party, and has decided to place his candidacy in the hands of his friends and leave it with them.

It is further stated that Blaine will not publicly make known his decision, but that his friends will secretly work for his nomination, and will place his name before the convention with enough to insure his nomination. The authority is Blaine's closest friend in New York city, and the recognized leader of the party in the state.

Coming from such a source it will stand undisputed. The Blaine man, speaking of Blaine's candidacy, said that the secretary had at last decided to reconsider his decision and to accept the nomination, provided the nomination is unanimously tendered by the national convention at Minneapolis in June, and of course of this there can be but little doubt.

Blaine Very Reluctant.

"This decision was made very reluctantly by Mr. Blaine," continues the Blaine man. "It was simply out of the question for him to do otherwise as the circumstances would not permit it. When he wrote his letter to Chairman Clarkson withdrawing from the field—the field to which he was a sure winner, for there was no other candidate—he thought the people would consider the letter final and he intended it to be final. But since then he has received so many letters from nearly every Republican in every state in the union protesting against his withdrawal and urging him to reconsider that it has practically impossible for him to disregard the voice of the majority of the party and he was compelled from a sense of duty to his party to accept further wishes. Mr. Blaine also clearly stated that it would be impossible to elect Harrison President in November, while Blaine's election would be comparatively easy.

"This is the general sentiment of the Republican party from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There may be many reasons given for this change, but I believe that the chief reason is that he does, as everybody else sees that the majority of the Republicans of the country want him nominated, and since he has placed his candidacy in the hands of his friends that not think anything can prevent his nomination in June, or his election in November. He will be nominated and elected beyond a doubt.

Hailed With Delight.

"It is an indisputed fact that the majority of the party want Blaine to lead the party in the coming Presidential campaign, and this announcement of his candidacy will be hailed with delight by every Republican in the land. He is the idol of the the Republican party, and being such should be nominated with or against his consent, and if he had not changed his position he would be one in favor of nominating him against his wishes and many others were in the same position."

This announcement puts Blaine in the race again, and in the race he will stay until the close. There will be no backward movement now, not even if Blaine so desired, as his friends would prevent it. He has given them his word that they may go ahead, and there are many reasons given for this sudden change. One reason is that this change was due to the influence and exertion of Mrs. Blaine, who has all along advised him to run, and who has great influence with the secretary. It is said that Mrs. Blaine would put out when Blaine wrote his letter withdrawing his name from the national convention at Chicago in 1888, when his nomination was inevitable, and that she was also terribly disappointed when he wrote his letter to Chairman Clarkson.

The Demand Imperative.

Another reason is that the letters he received were of such a character that no man could fail to give them the utmost attention. They were imperative. The letters from New York were, of course, the most important and were given the greatest consideration and weight. The views of nearly all the writers ran in the same channel. They informed the secretary that the only hope the Republican candidate or else the prospect of electing a Republican President in November was very blue, that he is the only Republican who can unite the party and who can carry New York, and they would insure him the electoral vote of the state.

Furthermore they stated that with him out of the race the situation becomes dangerous, that Harrison and Reed are not popular nominee and would be sure to bring defeat to his party, as he is very unpopular in New York, and cannot carry the state again. The Indianapolis letters also occupied a prominent place in his reconsideration. They ran nearly in the same strain as the New York letters, and coming from the home of the President increased their importance. It can be safely relied upon that if Blaine's health is as good as it is now he will be the Republican candidate and will be a hard candidate to defeat.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S BROTHER

Is Living Near Grand Rapids in Feeble Health.

GRAND RAPIDS, April 16.—There is a pathetic meagerness and retirement in the life of Thomas A. Garfield, the only brother of ex-President Garfield, which vividly shows the possibilities of American life and the partiality of fate.

For a quarter of a century the brother of the martyred President has lived in obscurity on a small farm near this city. He has no more property now than he had twenty years ago, and it is claimed by his friends that he remained poor all his life because of early sacrifices made for his great brother and for the simple-minded Garfield.

His, they say, was a heroism as loyal and noble as that of his brother. Thomas is now an old man of 67, bent and worn with life's long struggle.

The Garfield homestead lies six miles from Byron Center, a very little station, and is a garden spot hewn in the woods when Michigan was just doffing its swaddling clothes. The house is a model one, built in 1877. The money for its construction was sent from the White House to replace the old log house destroyed by fire that year, and the gift was heartily made by the President, who always remembered that his start in life was due to his brother.

The family on the little farm consists of Mrs. Garfield and James Abram Garfield, who is 40 years old, and the very image of his illustrious uncle. He was born upon the same Ohio farm as the ex-President, has the same high forehead and the same features and form. The house is very humble, and the walls of the plain little parlor are covered with portraits of James A. and Grandma Garfield. Thomas became the support of the Garfield family when he was but 10 years old, the father dying and leaving him nothing but a farm. The boy left his district school and took up his father's work. It was a hard scramble for bread, and sister, mother and brother all learned what it was to split rails. Thomas chopped wood for 25 cents a cord and worked all winter at this rate. James was the baby then. Later they all scraped and saved to pay Jimmy's way at the Chester academy.

Thomas sold the Ohio farm in 1854, and then moved to Michigan. For three years he lived the life of a pioneer.

When the war broke out he tried to enlist with his brother James, but the recruiting officer rejected him and he remained home. In 1867 he began life for himself, having spent thirty years in working for his mother, brother and sister. He is not in the best of health, and it will probably be but a short time before the old pioneer will be laid away in the woods he loves so well.

Communication between England and the continent is still interrupted as a result of the snow storms of Saturday.

CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE

Reservations Opened at Noon Tuesday--The Rush of Settlers for New Homes.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 19.—A special to the *Star* from El Reno, says: Just at noon, to-day, as provided by the President's proclamation, "the cannon thundered forth the signal, carbines repeated it, and 25,000 men on horseback, in wagons, and on foot rushed into the country of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and this afternoon hors - tlesh is suffering.

A field piece had been hauled from the fortress, stationed on a knoll, and as the hour for the dash arrived the word went down the line. Horsemen twisted to see that their saddles were tight, and the drivers looked to their harness, and then the boomers bended low in the saddle.

There were murmurings among the boomers as they stood in line waiting. The many men who intended to make their run on horseback had disappeared from the camp during the night. In the arrangement of the line the same order was observed all along the border. Horsemen were in front, the men who were to make the run in wagons were next, and the few wagons who were only following up the horsemen, took their places.

At 11 o'clock everything was in readiness for the start. Just at noon came the sharp report of the cannon, followed by the cracks of carbines, bines, and in a second the horses were off. The horsemen sprang away as though they were riding a quarter dash. The wagoners put the whip to their beasts. There was a cloud of dust and the flood of pale-faces swept into the country of Poor Lo. Every man seemed to know just where he was going, and headed for his longed-for land without even bestowing a glance of astonishment on his brother boomers. A few wheels were lost near the line, and many more will be left in the gullies this afternoon, but there were no serious accidents.

HOW THE NIGHT WAS PASSED.

Twenty-eight Thousand People Waited on the Prairie.

KINGFISHER, April 19.—To-day the wonderful Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation will be thrown open to settlement and last night 25,000 boomers were bivouacking on its borders. These, together with the people who will make the race from the various cities along the Santa Fe, Rock Island lines and others who will attempt to secure claims by filing declaratory notices, make a total of some 28,000 people, now homeless, who today will have either located a site for a home on either a homestead claim or a town site.

The legitimate settler wants a homestead claim of 160 acres. It is the speculator who wants the town site lots. There are not enough farms to go around and those who fail of locating one will join the speculators. There will be plenty of town lots and to spare. Each of six counties has, of course, a county seat, and any number of other towns are proposed. One is to be located on the line of the Rock Island, about half way between El Reno and Kingfisher. It will be called Okarche. The Rock Island will have several trains to it from both directions so that they will cross the line of the border at exactly noon. Another town will be located at the terminus of the Cheyenne & Arapahoe railroad, Darlington, west of El Reno, while various others will be located at desirable distances from the county seats from the respective counties.

Rumors were current last night of steals and competition in the matter of the locating of these towns, involving federal and railway officials, but none of them can be traced to reliable sources. The scenes at the land offices were unique. The seat warriors passed the night, some wrapped up in tarpaulins; some covered with blankets, and some sitting up telling over their war experiences. Most of them were old soldiers; the only ones who are permitted to file declaratory notices, and they do not mind the hardships incident to a night spent out o doors. The seat warmers are confident of heading their own land off being permitted to make their runs the moment the marshal's watch points the hour of noon. They say there is no law prohibiting their forming in line before the land office at any time they please, and that they will be there four or so ago, "and," they ask, "what are you going to do about it?" As a matter of fact nothing can be done about it except to submit to it.

United States Marshal Grimes is reponsible for the maintenance of order about the land office. He authorized the line and has given its men their numbers and nothing can break in now but a mob too large to be able to overcome the marshal's deputies, a sufficient number of whom have been sworn in to maintain order and quell any possible disturbances. The line now numbers 1,000 men and it will probably be added to hereafter. It is estimated that not more than three fillings can be made in a minute, so that the last man in line would not get his filing in until 8 o'clock. Of course, each man who at that time the last of the racers from the border will have located their claims. Filings after that time will be of no use. As it is there will be much disappointment among the racers and their backers.

The scene on the border last night was an interesting one. The white tops of the prairie schooners, the fires of the camping boomers and the horses, gave the whole a decidedly military aspect. There was considerable confusion early in the evening, caused by many new arrivals who were seeking advantageous starting places for the great race, but by midnight all have been waiting on the border for a day or two looked upon the new comers as interlopers, and would not give way one inch of their advantage. There was much hilarity as a consequence and in some instances fights were narrowly avoided.

By 9 o'clock, however, all was quiet along the line of the border opposite this place, except for the commotion occasioned by the arrival of some belated schooner or party or horsemen. The weather is much colder. The wind has changed to the north, and there are prospects of rain. Up to this time no casualties or affrays among the boomers have been reported and the indications now are that the conquest of the new land will be a bloodless one.

Negroes Flocking to Oklahoma From Southern States.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 16.—Four hundred negroes, bound for Oklahoma, arrived here yesterday, and are quartered in the houses and halls of negro clubs, with poor prospects of arriving at their destination. They came from East Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, and have been here about a week already.

A colonization company, composed of white men, agreed to carry them to Guthrie at $10 per head. They were conveyed by rail as far as San Francisco, this state, where they were dumped off in the swamps. They came here on foot. The negroes are in most destitute circumstances, many being half naked. The negro churches and merchants of Little Rock have been appealed to for aid. This is their only chance of getting beyond the city limits.

THE GREAT CONVENTION HALL

At Minneapolis Almost Completed Says the Architect.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 15.—Mr. D. Adler, the architect in charge of the convention hall, was here yesterday and visited the building. In an interview with the Associated Press agent he said:

"The work of preparing the exposition building for the Republican national convention has been rushed forward with great energy. The hall is almost ready, requiring only that the seats be placed there. Preparations applied to make it ready for opening. It pleases all who have seen it, and will undoubtedly prove to be the best convention hall this country has ever had. The right acoustic properties are perfect, and the arrangements for ingress and egress are even more efficient and convenient than those of the Chicago Auditorium.

"The representatives of the press will be very well cared for by both local and national committees and the space allotted for their use seems ample for all who have actual work to do. Altogether the prospects for the success of the convention are very bright; not only as far as the condition of the hall is concerned, but also as regards the housing of visitors for which the most extensive preparations have been made by the local committees."

Charges of Heresy.

CINCINNATI, April 16.—The *Commercial Gazette*, this morning, in a forecast of the meeting of the Cincinnati Presbytery which will be at Avondale next Monday and Tuesday, says that a committee has been at work preparing charges of heresy against Dr. Henry Preserved Smith, of the chair of Hebrew in the Lane theological seminary, this city, and that the presbytery will consider whether these charges are to be referred to the next General Assembly. The article states further that several of the Cincinnati clergy will defend Prof. Smith.

Fort Dearborn to Be Restored.

CHICAGO, April 14.—Upon request of Mrs. L. B. Shattuck, one of the World's Fair ladies, the board of South Park commissioners has decided to permit one more feature of the exposition to be a permanency in Jackson Park. This is a restoration of old Fort Dearborn, to be constructed from timbers removed from one of the original buildings connected with the old block house. It will be located on a lagoon near the site of the agricultural building.

DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELTS Trusses & Rupture 6 MO'S TRIAL DR. C. B. JUDD, - DETROIT, MICH.

Wonderful Cures of Skin Diseases by the Cuticura Remedies

DENNIS DOWNING.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $200.00 and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless, and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was $3 worth. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING,
Waterbury, Vt.

MRS. ROSA KELLY.

PSORIASIS 5 YEARS

My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair fell out until I was entirely bald-headed. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scales fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using five bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. They saved my life. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

MRS. ROSA KELLY,
Rockwell City, Iowa.

J. E. PEARSON.

SKIN DISEASE 9 YEARS

I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease. When I first felt it there appeared a few small red spots on my breast, and it kept on spreading slowly. The spots turned gray and began itching, and small scales would fall off, so it continued spreading all over my body. I tried all the patent medicines I could think of, or get hold of. I also consulted doctors. Yes, they would cure me in a short time, but they all soon failed. Then I gave up, thinking there was no cure for me. Some few months ago I noticed your advertisement. Thought I would try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, not thinking they would do me much good; but to my surprise three bottes of CUTICURA, three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, cured me entirely. My skin is now white and pure as that of a child. I send my photograph.

JOHN E. PEARSON,
Box 1962, Whatcom, Wash.

Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humors

And every species of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, are relieved in the majority of cases by a *single application*, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 800 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to all afflicted.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Price, 25 cts.

HEMPSTEAD HEATH

The Scene of a Terrible Catastrophe Yesterday---Several People Killed in a Jam at a Railway Station.

LONDON, April 19.—A terrible catastrophe took place at Hempstead Heath last night by which two women and six children were killed and 13 other persons were seriously injured. Hempstead, which is a favorite holiday resort about four miles from London, was visited by thousands of excursionists to-day, and as the day closed there was a great rush of people to catch the trains to return home.

In the crush somebody fell at the foot of a staircase at the railway station and in a moment the hundreds of persons above were thrown into a heap of struggling humanity. The police at once closed the doors and set to work to extricate the dead and injured.

There are conflicting reports as to the exact origin of the catastrophe. According to one story, a door at the bottom of the staircase was suddenly closed, thus blocking the progress of the crowd. The officials decline to give out any information.

Four of the dead have been identified as Emily Hamilton, aged 35; Annie Eaton, aged 40; John, aged 9 and Thomas Longford, aged 11. Ten of the injured are boys of from 10 to 15 years. The persons seriously injured were sent to hospitals.

PRIMROSE LEAGUE DECORATIONS.

The Grave and Statute of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

LONDON, April 19.—To-day is the eleventh anniversary of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, and, in accordance with the custom inaugurated in 1883 by the Primrose League, the league originated in memory of the dead prime minister, whose favorite flower was the primrose, the day was universally observed by the knights, dames and associates of the league, each of whom wore a bunch of primroses. The grand master of the Primrose League is the prime minister, the Marquis of Salisbury. Its membership is very large, amounting to over one million persons.

The statue of Lord Beaconsfield, in Westminster palace yard, was covered with primroses.

The Rising of Little Importance.

RIO JANEIRO, April 19.—An official dispatch says that the rising in the state of Matto Grosso is of little importance and can not disturb the general peace. The central government has taken energetic measures to suppress the movement. Cuyaba, the capital of Matto Grosso, and Fort Corumba, near the Paraguayan frontier, a number of rebels have assembled, led by recently transported rebels from the capital.

Deeming to be Examined.

MELBOURNE, April 16.—The government has acceded to the request of the solicitor of Deeming, that a medical board be appointed for the purpose of making inquiry into the prisoner's mental condition. The government allows this examination of Deeming to be made on condition that the Crown is represented on the board.

Destined for Bering Sea.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 14.—The cruiser Baltimore has arrived here, and is anchored off the Hotel Del Coronado. She will remain outside, engaged in gun practice until Saturday, when she will come inside the bay. It is understood that the cruiser Charleston will proceed to Santa Barbara within a few days. The United States cruiser Adams and Patterson started on a voyage to Bering sea late yesterday afternoon. The Richard Rush is coaling, and is expected to leave soon for the same destination.

The Italian Crisis.

LONDON, April 16.—The *Standard* today says that the crisis in the Italian cabinet that resulted in the resignation of the entire ministry was due to the demand made by the minister of Finance that the army be reduced from twelve to ten corps.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The financial world was devoid of any important events last week. The offerings of money were large, and holders apparently anxious to place their available funds. There was a little firmer tone in the rates at banks and trust companies, some of which sought to obtain 2½ per cent, though others still maintained 2 per cent as the minimum. As represented by bankers' balances, the range on call for the week was 1½ to 2 per cent, the same as for a long time past; renewals at 2 per cent. There was an abundance of money offering on time, and where good Stock Exchange collateral was to be had, lenders were seeking borrowers, and they offered contracts at 2 per cent for 30 days, 2½ for 60 days, 3 for 91 days to four months, and 3½ for five to six months. But if at the same time only an ordinary grade of collateral was offered, including the industrial stocks, borrowers were obliged to seek lenders, and as a rule paid about ½ of 1 per cent above these quoted figures.

STOCKS.—The stock market was without any commanding features last week. The Easter holidays interfered to some extent with business. The purchase of American investment stocks abroad continued, and gave a strong undertone to the market, and there was some advance in prices, with increased activity in transactions.

SILVER.—There was a decrease of activity in the commercial demand for shipment to the East, which again created a fractional depression in the quotation for bars. The market is narrow and sluggish, though an impression prevails that any future movement will be slow and that the present level is likely to be maintained for some little time to come. The amount of silver coming forward shows no material diminution in spite of continued reports regarding the shutting down of low grade mines.

TRADE AND STOCKS LAST WEEK.

Western Business Gaining, the South Behind, the East an Average.

NEW YORK, April 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: During all this year business has been curiously sectional. Western cities are gaining almost without exception, doing the largest business ever known, and inclined to resent the suggestion that it is in any degree beyond expectation. The South, also, is not has been struggling with unfavorable conditions, doing less business than a year ago, and looking in vain for a material change. The East has been doing a large business, but less than was expected on the whole, but especially less than many traders expected to do this year. This, with very thin profits, makes the season disappointing to many.

These conditions continue, and are reflected in returns this week. Yet the volume of trade in the whole country has been larger than in any previous year. The iron production, notwithstanding reports as to the exact origin of the catastrophe. According to one story, a door at the bottom of the staircase was suddenly closed, thus blocking the progress of the crowd. The officials decline to give out any information.

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